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The WESLEYAN SONG BOOK

Edited by

KARL P. HARRINGTON, '82
CARL F. PRICE, '02

1901
MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT
PUBLISHED BY THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY MUSICAL ASSOCIATION

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JUL 25 1911
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Cambridge

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THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY MUSICAL ASSOCIATION

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PREFACE

IT is remarkable that a college which has long been so eminent for its student singing in both fraternity and college life, whose glee club has won so commanding a position among its peers, and out of which have gone so many well-known musicians, should for three-score years and ten have been too modest to put before the eyes of men a collection of its own song treasures. Delay, however, has brought about at least this desirable result, that a book of ample size is easily compiled from the best of the large body of available material, of which two or three times the amount contained in this volume has been carefully sifted by the editors. Most of the songs are, accordingly, distinctively Wesleyan songs; but room has been made for a few of those generally popular throughout the college world, and especially so at Wesleyan.

Nearly all the songs have been arranged to be sung especially by male voices, in harmony with the custom now prevalent in similar collections; and, to facilitate a ready comprehension of the music, the part containing the melody has been usually indicated, where it is not to be sung by the first tenors. Some idea of the tempo has been given by the metronome marks; but of course this at times depends to a considerable extent upon individual feeling, being, for example, often noticeably accelerated by a large winning score, or the proximity of a pair of unusually bright eyes.

The hearty thanks of the editors are hereby expressed to all those who have contributed to the success of the book, especially to the publishers and owners of copyright songs who have without compensation generously granted permission for their use here.

If the book thus offered for the kindly consideration, and for the assiduous vocal testing, of Wesleyan alumni and students be only a beginning, yet it is with confidence that Wesleyan men will steadily build upon this foundation a structure of ultimately superlative excellence.

KARL P. HARRINGTON, '82, ALUMNUS EDITOR.
CARL F. PRICE, '02, UNDERGRADUATE EDITOR.
DAVID G. WILLETS, '02, MANAGING EDITOR.
WILLIAM G. HARRIS, '02,
THOMAS H. MONTGOMERY, '02,
HARRY H. SMITH, '03,
} ASSISTANT EDITORS.

DECEMBER 1, 1901.

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To our loved Alma Mater
Wesleyan University

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COME, RAISE THE SONG

Words by F. L. KNOWLES, '94 — Music by W. B. DAVIS, '94

With spirit ♩ = 132.

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

ff

1. Come, raise the song for Wes-ley - an - - a, Till night and ech-o send it back! Come gath-er 'round the dear old ban - ner, Em - blazoned with the red and black!
We'll all be boys a-gain to - geth - er; Life's short, then fill with joy its span! The home of joy is Al - ma Ma - ter, Then hail, all hail to Wes-ley - an!

2. Come throw a-way all thoughts of sor - row, And give the night to mirth and song! If care must come, it comes to - mor - row; To - day our hearts are bold and strong.
A song, boys, for the dear old col - lege! Strike hands and pledge your faith each man! Time ne'er shall shake our deep de - vo - - tion, Our deathless love for Wes-ley - an!

ff

BASS I.
BASS II.

CHORUS

Lento

pp — *f*

O i - vied walls, O sto - ried halls, O shrine of long a - - go, — The al - - tar fires our fathers lit Shall still more bright-ly glow.

pp

rit.

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POWER OF SONG

Words by C. F. GERRY, '51 — Music by JOHN SPENCER CAMP, '78

♩. = 76

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

1. Glad hour of song we hail thee, While nears the clos - ing day; Thy sol - ace ev - er wel - come Oft drives dull care a - way, Oft drives dull care a - way.
2. When gloomy thoughts op - - press us, And fears our path - way throng, What an - ti - dote so help - ful As the mag - ic pow'r of song, As the mag - ic pow'r of song?
3. Cheer'd on by song and ban - ner Life's bat - tle field a - long, We'll ne'er lay down our ar - mor Till right shall con - quer wrong, Till right shall con - - quer wrong.

BASS I.
BASS II.

p — *f* — *ritard*

CHORUS

Tempo — *p slower* — *molto Animato*

Then sing while the west is crim - soned With tints of clos - ing day; May it promise a gol - den fu - ture For dear old Wes - - ley - an.

fz

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ALMA MATER'S PRAISE

Words by H. T. BAKER, '00

Music by MOSKOWSKI
Arr. by C. F. PRICE, '02

Con amore ♩ = 68

mf

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

1. O Wes-ley-an-a, crown'd with years, And in thy strong sons glo-ri-fied, Thy
2. Thy col-ors dear float o'er the field Where roll our cheers vic-to-ri-ous; There

BASS I.
BASS II.

name rings sweet-er in our ears Than all that with thy fame have vied. Thy
band-ed bold to none we yield, Sing-ing thy triumphs glo-ri-ous. A

marc

spir-it hastes from heart to heart And warms with nev-er-wan-ing fire; Tho'
health, boys, to the red and black, The ban-ner without rent or stain! Its

f

from thine i-vied walls we part, Thy love shall aye our lives in-spire. Then
he-roes hon-or ne'er shall lack And faith-ful to it we'll re-main. Then

ritard

sing to Al-ma Ma-ter's praise; To her our love and loy-al lays.
sing to Al-ma Ma-ter's praise; To her our love and loy-al lays.

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UNIVERSITY SONG

Words by GEO. J. BROWN, '73

Music by C. S. HARRINGTON, '52
Arr. by K. P. H.

Moderato ♩ = 108

TENOR I.

1. Be - side a no - ble riv - er's tide In i - vied walls of stone, On
2. Ex - ul - tant hearts and gay con - verse, The rare de - lights of song, Faith

TENOR II.
Melody

3. Tho' for - tune smile, and honors crown, The years that are to be, Naught

BASS I.
BASS II.

cool Wul - tu - na's leaf - y slope — Our god - dess has her throne. No
in each oth - ers fe - al - - ty — And high con - tempt of wrong, The

shall es - trange us from the love — Of old fra - ter - ni - - ty; But

ter - rors veil her maj - es - ty, No fears dis - turb her reign; She
pulse of youth, the bloom of life, Blent in one grand re - frain, E -

ev - - er dear, and ev - er strong, Thy mem - 'ry shall a - - bide, O

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boasts an hon-ored di - a - - dem, ___ And 'scutcheon with - out stain.
voke in pris-tine glo - - ry ___ At - - lan - tis from the main.

Al - ma Ma- ter glo - ri - ous, Throned by the riv - er's side.

CHORUS

Faster

f

Then hail! Wes - ley - an - a, Throned by the riv - er,

Then hail! Wes - ley - an - a, Throned by the riv - er,

Throned by the river's sil-ver tide, On Wul - - tu - na's leaf - y side, Of her

Throned by the river's sil-ver tide, On Wul - - tu - na's leaf - y side, Of her

ff

stalwart sons the pride, Shrined in our loy - al hearts for - - ev - er!

stalwart sons the pride, Shrined in our loy - al hearts for - - ev - er!

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BOYLE'S LAW

Sung at the Cremation Exercises of I Physics

Music by C. F. PRICE, '02

Allegro ♩ = 144

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

The law, by which a gas is de - fin - ed in Ar - ti - cle Six - ty

BASS I.
BASS II.

nine, in Ar - ti - cle Six - ty nine, that the product of the pressure by the

vol - ume is con - stant, so long as the temp - 'ra - ture re - mains un -

chang - ed, was first es - tab - lish - ed by Rob - ert Boyle

Robert Boyle

Much slower

The product of the vol - ume by

The product of _____ the volume by _____ the pressure

The product of the vol - ume by

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the pres - sure is a con - stant as

is a con - stant as long as the

the pres - sure is a con - stant as

long as the temp - - - - - 'ra - ture re - mains re -

temp - - - - - 'ra - ture re - mains re -

long as the temp ra - ture re - mains re -

Vivace

mains a con - stant. That is, p v e - - quals

"p prime v prime e - quals k a con - stant" is

found to be true with - in the lim - its of er - rors of

1. ob - ser - va - - - tion.

2. ob - ser - va - - tion.

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LONG LIVE ALMA MATER

Words by BYRON A. BROOKS,' 71 — Air, "ARABY'S DAUGHTER"

♪ = 100

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. Hail to thee, hail to thee, fair Al - ma Ma - ter! The hearts of thy chil - dren are cen - - tered in thee.
Fond - ly we turn to thee, wher - e'er we wan-der; Pride of our lives, thou for - - - ev - - er shalt be.

2. Nev - er was lov - er's af - - fec - tion more ar - dent, Than ours, when we plight - ed our prom - ise to thee,
Fair - er and wis - er than maid - en or mus-es, With love all - em - brac - ing and boun - ty more free.

3. Sound then the prais - es of dear Al - ma Ma - ter, Yet strong in her beau - ty, re - - - new - ing her youth;
Fair - est of all the daughters of learning, Guide of our foot - steps in beau - ty and truth.

BASS I.
BASS II.

And swift - ly we'll has - ten, when sounds forth the summons; Thy sons will come flocking from near and from far; And 'round thee we'll gather and sing our glad an - them, Long live Al - ma Ma - ter, our hearts' brightest star!

We'll nev - er for - get thee, nor shun, nor neglect thee, Nor suf - fer de - trac - tion thy prais - es to mar; But ev - er we'll shield thee, and sing our glad pæ - an, Long live Al - ma Ma - ter, our hearts' brightest star!

And tho' we may leave thee, and seas may dis - sev - er, Yet proudly we'll car - ry thy mes - sage a - far; And mountains and val - leys shall ech o the an them, Long live Al - ma Ma - ter, our hearts' brightest star!

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MY SWEETHEART MUSCATELLE

Words and Music by F. E. COUDERT

Lively ♩ = 160

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

My sweet-heart lives be - - neath the stairs, A - - las! the fates com-
We live and love; time flies a - pace, The grave succeeds the

BASS I.
BASS II.

ritard *tempo*

pel. A tim - ber robe she ev - er wears, My peer-less Mus-ca - - telle.
cell. And by heav'n's grace my last embrace Shall hold my Mus-ca - - telle.

Fine

f

And, tho' she lives in con - vent's hush, She knows the world full well, And

rit.

when we kiss 'tis I who blush, And not my Mus - ca - - telle.

D.C.

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BASEBALL SONG

Lively ♩ = 152

O it was beauti - ful, Ab - so-lute-ly beautiful, B - E - A - U - T - I - F - U - L.
Give us an - other run, Raise the score another one, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 *
Brilliant for Wesleyan An - - other hit for Wesleyan, W - - E - S - L - E - Y - A - N.

* *May be expanded to other scores*

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WESLEYAN MEDLEY

№ 1

Arr. by W. B. DAVIS, '93

Allegro ♪ = 180

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

In Wes-ley-an's praise to-night our voices ring We'll tell of thy

BASS I.
BASS II.

rit. Andante

love in the songs that we sing. For El - le Rhe so dear to me is

Più mosso

gone for ev - er - - more. My home is down in Bos - ton cit-y Where the

girls they are so pret - ty, 'Twas there I first met my Sweet Molly Ma lone, She

drove her wheel - bar - row Thro' streets broad and nar - row, Crying,

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mush, mush, mush, tu-ral-i - - ad-dy! ___ Sing mush, mush, mush, tu-ral-i-

a! ___ There was ne'er a gos-soon in the vil-lage Dared tread on the

tail of The bull-dog on the bank Oh! the

And the bull-frog in the pool;

bull-dog on the bank Oh! the

And the bull frog in the pool:

bull-dog on the bank and the bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the bull-frog

A son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a gam-bo - lier, A

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son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a gam - bo - lier, Like

ev - 'ry hon - est fellow, I wish I were an hip - po - pot - a - mus, And could

sf

swim the broad Eu - phra - tes and eat grass; But tho' I am not, a - las! I

can - not be a Nut - brown maid - en, thou hast a slen - der, slen - der waist,

Nut - brown maid - en, thou hast a slen - der waist; A

slen - der waist is thine, love, The arm around it's mine, love, Nut brown maid,

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Thou'rt sweeter than all the ros - - - es; Ze - la, la, la,

to - ri - a, li - - to - ri - a, Swe - de - la - we - dom - hi - ra - sa, Li -

to - ri - a, Li - - to - ri - a, Swe - de - la - we - dom bum.

2.

Hugging a Sig - ma Pi, Hugging a Sig - ma Pi,

ppp *rit.* *tempo*

When the in-fant morn is nigh; And faint its blush is seen, Ah!

Lento e sostenuto

Maid of Ath - ens, e'er we separatus, Give me back my cardiac apparatus.

Allegro

Or since that has left my Su - sie, she met me at the door, She told me that

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Our songs are like showers up - - on the bright flowers, they

cool us from the toil - ing of the brain; And, when full of knowledge, we've

left the old college, We'll sing these songs to bring us back a - - gain.

Come, come, Sing with a will, Sing Wes - ley - an - a with a

cheer! ——— While oth - - ers are sleep - ing, let

ritard - - - - - -

us still be keep-ing our watch of song o'er Al - ma Ma - ter dear.

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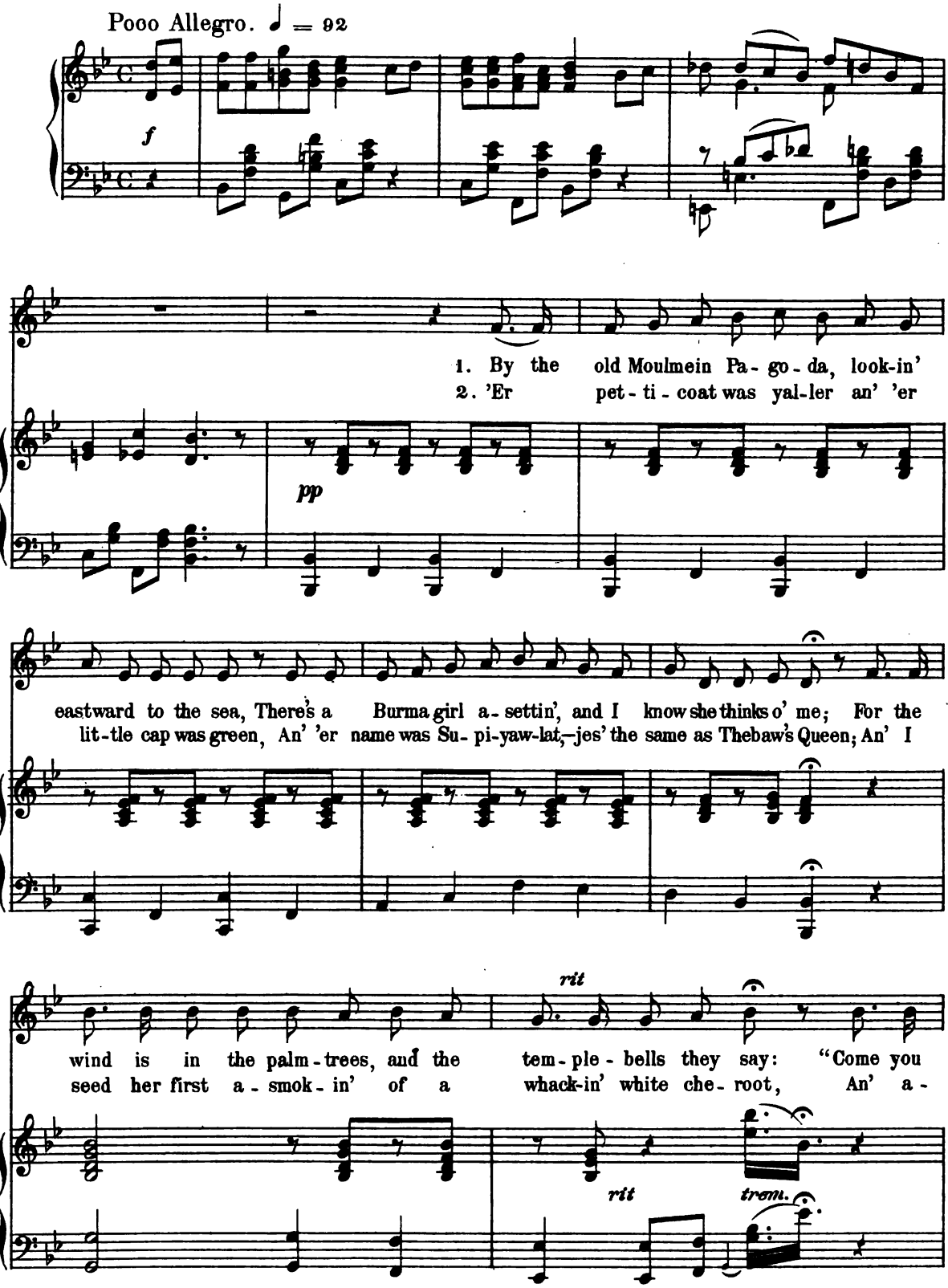
ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

Words by RUDYARD KIPLING

Music by DYNELEY PRINCE



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Ped. ✱

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a tempo

back, you British soldier, come you back to Man-da-lay!' Come you back to Man-da-lay, Where the
wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen i-dol's foot: Bloomin' i-dol made o' mud—What they

a tempo

old Flo-til-la lay: Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Ran-goon to Man-da-lay?
called the Great Gawd Budd—Plucky lot she cared for i-dols when I kissed 'er where she stud!

CHORUS

On the road to Man-da-lay, Where the fly-in'-fish-es play, An' the

f

dawn comes up like thun-der out-er' Chin-a 'crost the Bay!

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3.

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing *Kulla-lo-lo!*
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin my cheek,
We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was
'arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

4.

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier tells:
'If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else.'

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the
tinkly temple-bells;
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

5.

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin-stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,
greener land!
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

6.

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' its there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we
went to Mandalay!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!

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J. WESLEY SONG

Words by FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES, '94 — Music by JOHN SPENCER CAMP, '78

Animato. ♩.= 100

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
BASS I.
BASS II.

1. There's a snug lit - tle col - lege, as ev - 'ry - one knows, Perched high on a wind - y bluff. It's named for an ex - cel - lent man we sup - pose, Tho' hard - ly quite mod - ern e - nough. He did - n't read Browning, nor Ib - - sen, And he lacked the "four hundred" re - - pose. But the strains eu - lo - gis - tic of

There's a dear lit - tle vil - lage, as ev - 'ry - one knows, With so - ci - e - ty blu - est of blue. Sing heigh - ho the hol - ly, it now boasts a trol - ley, And has an ex - gov - ern - or too. But there's one lit - tle row of brown build - - - ings, That's real - ly the trump in the pack, Mid - dle - - town owes her greatness, if

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pens Meth-o-dis-tic, En-large on his won-der-ful nose.
not her se-date-ness, To the boys of the red and the black.

on his nose.
red and black.

CHORUS. *With a big swing and rhythm*

ff

Then, here's to good J. Wes-----ley, And
Then, here's to good J. Wes-----ley, Like-

here's to Wes-ley--Ann! A cheer for the college, head-
wise his daughter Ann! A cheer for the banner, that's

Wes-ley Ann

col-lege, head-
ban-ner, that's

quar-ters for knowledge, That was named for an ex-cel-lent man!
marked Wes-ley-an-a, And a ti--ger for Wes--ley--an!

MY LITTLE ROOSTER

As sung by F. I. BROWN, '98

I have a rooster, my rooster loves me, I feed my rooster on a green bay
I have a cat and my cat loves me, I feed my cat on a green bay
I have a pig and my pig loves me, I feed my pig on a green bay
I have a sawhorse, my sawhorse loves me, I feed my sawhorse on a green bay

tree. My lit-tle rooster goes doo dle-de-oo de-oo-dle de oo-dle de oo-dle-de-oo.
tree. My lit-tle cat goes
tree. My lit-tle pig goes } *Imitation*
tree. My lit-tle sawhorse goes

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CAMPUS SONG

Words by L. J. MAGEE, '85 — Air: "ANNIE OF THE VALE"

♩ = 126

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody
BASS I.
BASS II.

1. In moon-light re-pos-ing, its charms all dis-clos-ing, Our col-lege home is shining on the hill; To-night we are sing-ing, our voi-ces are ring-ing, Are ringing o'er the campus white and still.

2. These old walls re-sounding, in charms are a-bounding, Each stairway has a sto-ry it can tell; But more than old halls, or i-vy-clad walls,— Our col-lege songs possess a mag-ic spell.

3. Our songs are like showers, up-on the dry flowers, They cool us from the toil ing of the brain; And when full of knowledge, we've left the old col-lege, We'll sing these songs to bring us back a-gain.

CHORUS

f

Come, come! sing with a will, Sing Wesleyana with a cheer! While others are sleeping, Let us still be keeping, A watch of song o'er Al-ma Ma-ter dear.

cheer, with a cheer,

ritard

1. 2.

dear.

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HERE'S TO WESLEYAN

ANON

Air, 'PIRATES CHORUS'

♩ = 120

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody
BASS I.
BASS II.

1. Hail Wes-ley-an-a! a cho-rus of praise! Glo-ry and length of days,
2. Hail to the col-ors that nev-er will yield, Vic-tors on ev-'ry field!

Thine Al-ma Ma-ter our heart's on-ly boast, Thine be our song and toast!
Here's to the flag, boys, that brave hearts shall raise, Till glo-ry crowns our days! The

Shouting for thee May our songs ev-er be, Till night shall grow vo-cal with
red and the black, They will nev-er turn back, But on-ward, still on-ward, ad-

rit. - - - -

Tempo

songs of col-lege glee, Sing! Lift loy-al glass-es and
vance o'er vic-tory's track, Sing! Lift loy-al glass-es and

pledge ev-'ry man, Here's to old Wes-ley - - an!
pledge ev-'ry man, Here's to old Wes-ley - - an!

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YODEL SONG

Words by E. A. NOBLE, '91 — Music by KARL P. HARRINGTON, '82

Andante con moto. ♩ = 88

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
BASS I.
BASS II.

1. On Ri-gi's top, at dawn of day, Is heard the Alpine horn; Along the hills the echoes play, And far the tones are borne. The mer-ry yo - - del from the vale Comes ring - ing thro' the air; The hap - py hunter's notes pre-vail, And find an ech - o there.

2. When curtained night enwraps the vale, And stars wink in the sky, The wood-nymphs dance in moonlight pale, And hold wild rev - el - - ry; Their song is what the hun - ter sings, They war - ble in their glee; But when the dawn a new day brings, Thro' for - est glades they flee.

ritard. *Tempo*

YODEL

la la la

LEVEE SONG

♩ = 104

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
BASS I.
BASS II.

I'm work-ing on de le - vee.

I once did know a girl named Grace She done

O, work-ing on de le - vee.

brung me to dis sad disgrace

I been working on de rail - road All the live - long day;

I been work-ing on de rail - road, Ter pass de time a - - way.

Doan' yuh hyah de whis-tle blow - in'? Rise up so uh- ly in de mawn;

Doan' yuh hyah de Cap - 'n shout - in' "Di-nah, blow yo' hawn."

Fine.

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BASS I.

Sing a song o' the ci - ty Roll dat cot- ton bale

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

Humming

BASS II.

Niggah ain half so happy As when he's out o' jail.

Nor- folk foh its oys-tah shells, Bos - ton foh its beans

Cha'leston foh its rice an' cawn, But foh niggahs New Aw - leans.

But foh niggahs New Aw - leans.

D.S. al Fine.

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EVENING CAMPUS SONG

Words and Music by CARL F. PRICE, '02

Moderato ♩ = 120

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. Now that the days are mel - low, And win ter's chill is gone, Come
2. We'll sing of all the glo - ries Of Wes-ley-an - a's fame, And

BASS I.
BASS II.

gath - er ev - 'ry fel - - low Out on the cam - pus lawn; And
tell the good old sto - ries That clus-ter round her name. Ere

while the day is fad - ing From gold to ash - en hue, True
come the tasks of knowl - edge, We pause, and pledge to thee Our

ritard.

spir - it all per - vad - ing, Come sing our songs a - new.
love thro' years of col - - lege, And death-less loy - al - ty.

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HYMN TO WESLEYAN

Words and Music by ALSOP LEFFINGWELL, '80

Andante sostenuto ♩ = 84

SOPRANO
ALTO.

1. In songs of praises and good cheer We raise our voi-ces loud and clear, To thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter dear, Our cherished Wes - ley - - an.
2. For thoughts grown broader, hearts more true, For lives whose strength is ev - er new, We praise thee, to whom praise is due, Our loved old Wes - ley - - an.
3. Thro' all life's for - tune, good or ill, Tho' joy or sorrow's cup may fill, We love thee, grand old col - lege, still, Our dear old Wes - ley - - an.

TENOR.
BASS.

WALK-AROUND SONG

Vigoroso ♩ = 132

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. We are the stuff, We are the stuff, We are the stuff the people say, We are the stuff, We are the stuff, We are the stuff the peo-ple say.
2. We beat the Sophs, We beat the Sophs, We beat the Sophs the people say, We beat the Sophs, We beat the Sophs, We beat the Sophs the people say.
✱3. — — to ——, — — to ——, — — to —, the people say, — — to ——, — — to ——, — — to ——, the people say.

BASS I.
BASS II.

✱ *Here insert the score*

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STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

Composed for
and Dedicated to the WESLEYAN GLEE CLUB

by J. A. VAN KUREN

Allegretto Barcarolle ♩. = 80

SOLO TENOR I.

1. Stars of the summer night!
2. Moon of the summer night!
3. Wind of the summer night!
4. Dreams of the summer night!

Second Tenor obligato Amoroso

SOLO TENOR II.

Sleep, la-dy sleep, la-dy *Humming*

Bouche fermé

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

Humming

BASS I.
BASS II.

Languido

cresc. molto *poco e dim.*

Far in your a-zure deep, Hide, hide your gold-en light! My la-dy
Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in sil-ver light! My la-dy
Where yonder woodbine creeps, Fold, fold thy pin-ions light! My la-dy
Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch, while in slumbers light, My la-dy

sleep my la-dy

cresc. molto

rall. *Tempo*

sleep! Stars of the summer night! Far in your
sleeps! Moon of the summer night! Far down yon
sleeps! Wind of the summer night! Where yonder
sleeps! Dreams of the summer night! Tell her, her

sleep sleep la-dy *Humming*

rall. *Tempo*

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a-zure deep, Hide, hide your golden light! my la-dy sleeps. She
western steeps, Sink, sink in sil-ver light! my la-dy sleeps. She
woodbine creeps, Fold, fold thy pinions light! my la-dy sleeps. She
lov-er keeps Watch, while in slumbers light my la-dy sleeps. She

She

pp She

più rit. my la-dy sleeps

f *rit.* *pp* 1. 2. 3. 4.

sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, she sleeps.

pp *Tempo*

sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, she sleeps. She sleeps sleeps.

rit. *pp*

sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, she sleeps.

she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps. *Hum.* sleeps.

THE FENCE AND THE FACULTY

Words by ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE, '93

Allegretto ♩. = 92

1. The Fac-ul-ty *sat* on the cam-pus fence, Be - - cause they said 'twas too
2. The muck-ers sat on the cam-pus fence, To save ex - act - - ly
3. If neither would sit on the cam-pus fence, The crowd in - side would

Presto

great an expense, And the col - lege needs the money! The col - lege needs the money!
twen-ty-five cents, And the col - lege needs the money! The col - lege needs the money!
be more dense, And the college would get the money! The college would get the money!

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WESLEYAN MAIDEN

Words by FERRIS GREENSLET, '97 — Music by C. R. SMITH, '99

Allegretto ♩ = 126

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody
BASS I.
BASS II.

mf

1. I know a maid of ways sedate, A maid three score and ten, And she is maid and moth-er too The mother of true men; Her ag-ed form is ev-er fair, O love her ev-'ry man, For she is Al-ma Ma-ter, And her name is Wes-ley-an.

2. She leads our feet in pleasant paths, With youth's fair roses strewn, She paves the way to hon-or's seat For those she calls her own. We'll love her, aye, in sorrow's night, Pros-per-i-ty's bright day; For charms so rich and rare as hers Shall never pass a-way.

f

CHORUS Allegro

f

O Wes-ley-an! O Wes-ley-an! Our songs to thee we raise; Each brown old hall and elm tree tall shall an-swer back thy praise. O Wes-ley-an! O Wes-ley-an! A happy lot is thine, Each deed that's done by loy-al son Shall in thy garland twine.

ritard

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IN PRAISE OF WESLEYAN

Words and Music by W. U. PEARNE, '74

♩. = 84

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

1. O Al - ma Ma - ter, hale and strong, A song we bring to thee; Se-
2. The trees may bud, the leaves may fall, The sea - sons come and go; And

BASS I.
BASS II.

cure up - on thy loft - y throne Thou reignest in ma - jes - ty. While
ev - er with its hur - ry - ing tide, The stream to the sea may flow. But

grace - ful elms thy por - tals guard, The riv - er flows be - low, And
nev - er will thy sons for - get To praise thy name, I ween, To

morn - ing's ear - liest sun - - beams Kiss thy no - ble brow.
cher - ish and pro - tect thee, Wes - ley - an our queen.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

A CRADLE SONG

MALE QUARTET

Music by KARL P. HARRINGTON,'82

Allegro vivace.

TENOR I.

Missis Winslow! Missis Winslow! Missis Winslow! Missis Winslow!

TENOR II.

BASS I.

Missis Winslow! Missis Winslow! Missis Winslow! Missis Winslow!

BASS II.

ACCOMP.

Adagio

Adagio

Tempo di Marcia. ♩ = 108

Missis Winslow's Sooth-ing Sy- rup has been used for ov- er fif- ty years,

Missis Winslow's Sooth-ing Syrup has been used for ov- er fif- ty years,

Tempo di Marcia

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piu

Missis Winslow's Sooth - ing Syr- up has been used for ov- er fif- ty years by

Missis Winslow's Sooth - ing Syr- up has been used for ov- er fif- tv years by

piu

mono *ac - - ce - le - - - ran - - - do - -*

millions of mothers for their children while teething, while

millions of mothers for their children while teething, while

mono *ac - - ce - le - - ran - - do - -*

ff *ff*

teething, while teething, with perfect suc - cess, suc - cess, suc - cess!

ff *ff*

teething while teething with perfect suc - cess, suc - cess, suc - cess!

ff *ff*

ff

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Andante

p

It soothes the child, softens the gums, al - lays all pain.

p

It soothes the child, softens the gums al - lays all pain.

p Andante

p

Tempo di Valse ♩. = 63

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

It soothes the child, soft - - ens the gums, al-

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

It soothes the child soft - - ens the gums

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

lays all pain, al - lays all pain, It

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

al - - lays all pain, al - - lays all pain,

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ra ra de ay ra ra de ay ra ra de ay ra ra de ay

soothes the child soft - - ens the gums al-

ra ra de ay ra ra de ay ra ra de ay ra ra de ay

Ta boom ta boom ta boom ta boom

ra ra de ay ra ra de ay ra ra de ay ra ra boom.

lays all pain al - lays all pain.

ra ra de ay ra ra de ay ra ra de ay ra ra boom.

ta boom ta boom ta boom ta boom.

mf

Cures wind col-ic! Cures wind col-ic! And

mf

mf

Cures wind col-ic! Cures wind col-ic! And

mf

mf

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is the best rem-e-dy for "Freshmen," for "Freshmen!"

is the best rem-e-dy for "Freshmen," for "Freshmen!"

Tempo di Marcia

Missis Winslow's Sooth-ing Syr-up soothes the child, soft-ens the gums, al-

Missis Winslow's Sooth-ing Syr-up soothes the child, soft-ens the gums, al-

lays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for "Freshmen."

lays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for "Freshmen."

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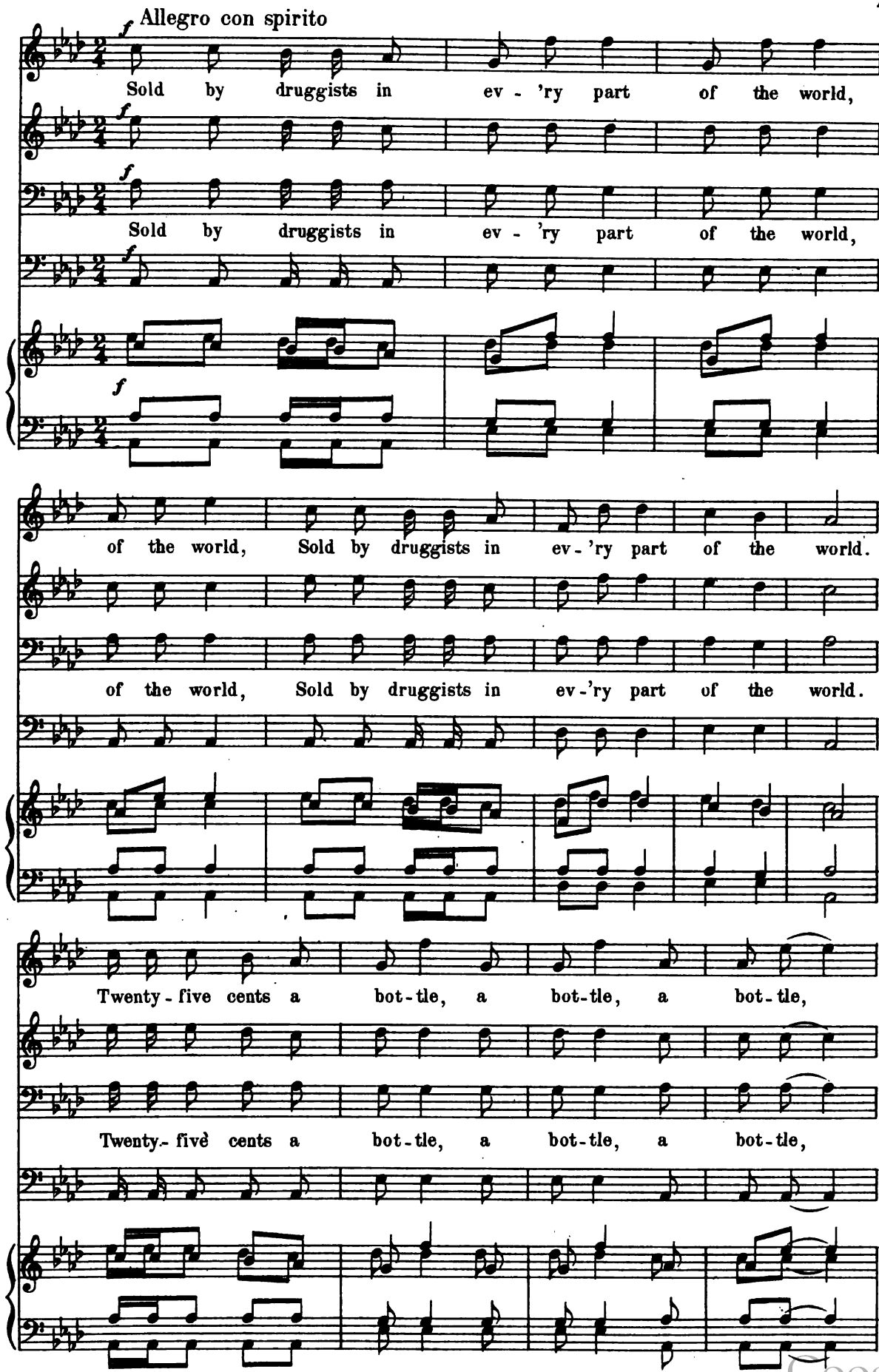

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twen-ty-five cents a bot-tle, twen-ty-five cents a bot-tle,

twen-ty-five cents a bot-tle twen-ty-five cents a bot-tle

mf ri - - - - tar - - - - - dan - - - - - do

Twen-ty-five cents a bottle, Twen-ty-five cents a bottle,

mf

Twen-ty-five cents a bottle, Twen-ty-five cents a bottle,

mf ri - - - - tar - - - - - dan - - - - - do

mf

ff

Twen-ty-five cents a bot-tle, a bot-tle, a bot-tle.

ff

ff

Twen-ty-five cents a bot-tle, a bot-tle, a. bot-tle.

ff

ff

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THE OLD COLLEGE

Words by FERRIS GREENSLET, '97

Music by M. B. YAW, '97

Moderato ♩ = 96

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. Old col - lege, standing 'mid thy green, So som-bre, brown, sedate and dear, What sights thy i - vied eyes have seen! What songs have stirr'd thy aged ear! What shouts have broken thy re - - pose, — A - roused thee from thy maiden sleep! Our fath - ers praised thee thus—who knows? May - hap our sons the trust will keep.

2. We love thee in the song and cheer, The nois - y outward sounds a - rise; But deep - - er love, unheard of ear, Be - dims the light of clearest eyes. We love thee for thy beauty fair, — Thy chaste abode with mem'ries rife, But most we love thy spir- it rare The in - spi - ra - tion of thy life.

BASS I.
BASS II.

CHORUS

Then, e'er we part, we'll shout and sing Thro' all the campus alleys shady, Thy prais - es from this hill shall ring, Al - ma Mater, dear old la - dy.

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DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Words by BEN JONSON — OLD ENGLISH AIR

Con amore ♩ = 120

SOPRANO
ALTO

p

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine;
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon'ring thee,

TENOR
BASS

p

mf

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; The
As giving it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; But

mf

f

thirst that from the soul doth rise doth ask a drink di - vine;
thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me;

f

ritard

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee.

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HAIL WESLEYANA

Words by J. A. COLE, '87, Air, "AMERICAN HYMN"

♩ = 80

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
BASS I.
BASS II.

1. Hail Wes-ley - an-a, our loved college home! Sweet are thy mem'ries wher-
2. Hail Wes-ley - an-a, our moth-er be - nign! Brighter, still brighter, may
3. Hail Wes-ley - an-a, proud mother of men! Rich be the gifts thy sons

ev - er we roam, Sweet are the dreams of thy i - vy clad walls, Elm - shaded
thy splendor shine; Still thro' the years may thy pow-er in - crease, Wealth fill thy
bring thee a - gain; Time shall not hurt thee, nor want thee af - fright, Sons leal and

cam - pus and dear classic halls. Elm - shaded cam - pus and dear classic
cof - fers nor know not sur - cease. Wealth fill thy cof - fers nor know not sur-
true thus their sol - emn faith plight. Sons leal and true thus their sol - emn faith

f

halls. Of - ten re - turn - ing, thee glad we shall greet, Bring-ing our tri - umphs to
cease. Still oft re - turn - ing, thee glad may we greet, Bring-ing our treasures to
plight. Of - ten re - turn - ing thee glad we shall greet, Bring-ing our treasures to

f

lay at thy feet; Loft - i - est hon - ors all laid at thy feet.
lay at thy feet; Our richest treasures to lay at thy feet.
lay at thy feet; Treasures and triumphs to lay at thy feet.

f

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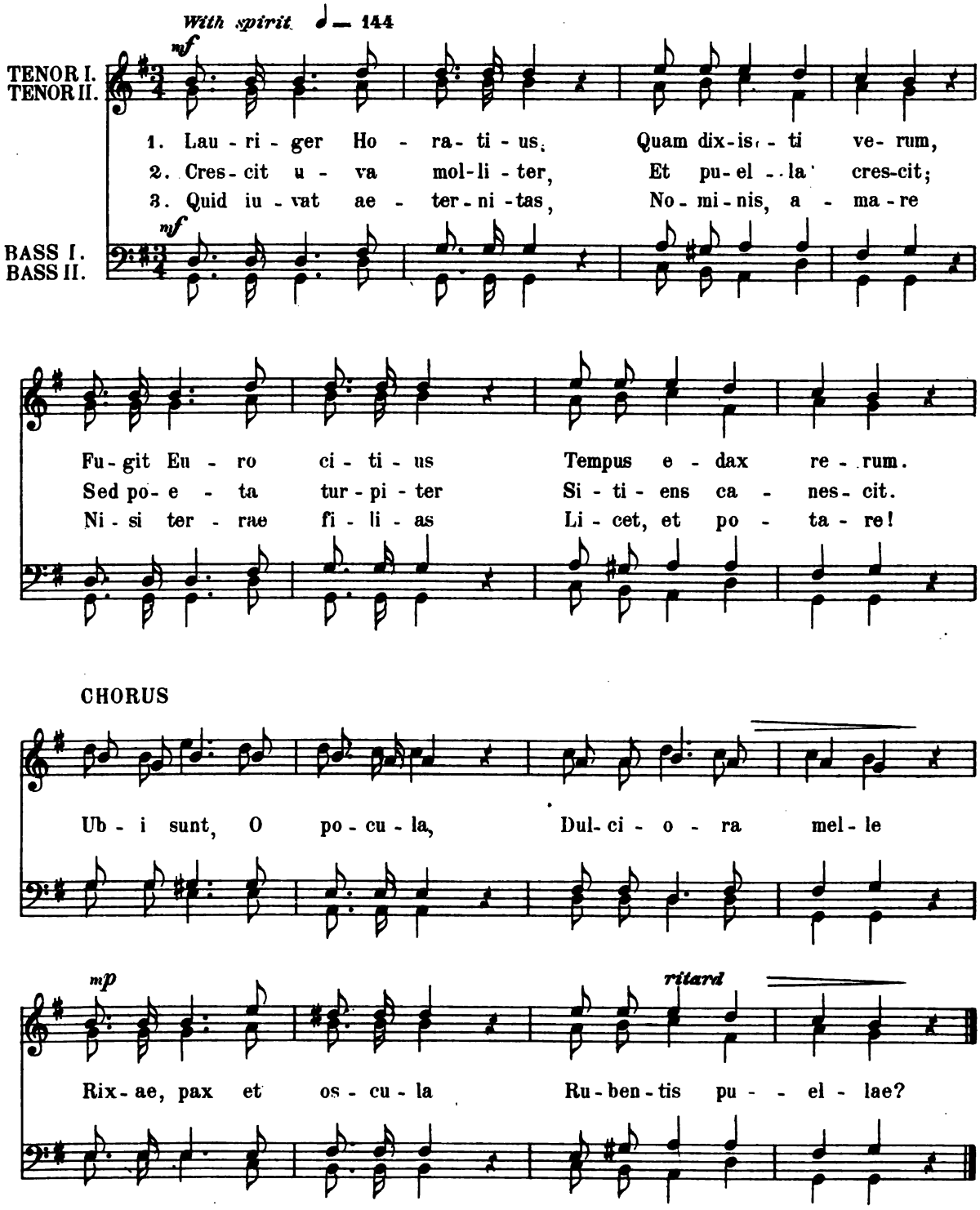
LAURIGER HORATIUS



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CLIMBING COLLEGE HILL

Words by VALENTINE HALLENBECK, '82 — Music by C. F. PRICE, '02

Moderato ♩ = 108

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. The moonlight falls on Wesleyan's walls, The evening bell is chiming; And sweet and clear its tones we hear, As up the hill we're climb-ing. We loi-ter on, our hearts a-non, With bus-y fancies thronging; And swiftly by the moments fly, That blend our hopes with longing.

2. If subtle care our hearts ensnare, We'll break its pow'r with singing, And put to flight each e-vil sprite, When loud our songs are ring-ing. O glad the days, and glad the ways, When, steps with music chiming! A jol-ly crowd, to friendship vow'd, Up college hill are climbing.

BASS I.
BASS II.

mp — *f* — *ritard*

CHORUS *Piu mosso*

f

Vive! vive la Wes-ley-an-a! Our hon-or'd, cherish'd Al-ma Ma-ter dear; We love thee, Wes-ley-an-a, And raise to thee our song of love and cheer.

Vive la Wes-ley-an-a!

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GAS

N.B. Pay strict attention to marks of tempo and expression

Music by JOHN SPENCER CAMP, '78

Andante tranquillo

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
BASS I.
BASS II.

pp *Hum*

It was eve - ning, in the par - lor,

pp *mp* and the gas was

Allegro agitato

ff

When a mother's anxious accents floated inward thro' the

pp *ff*

burn - ing low - - er, When a mother's anxious ac - - -

poco lento *p*

door floated in - ward thro' the door, they floated thro' the door:

p

- cents floated in - ward thro' the door, they floated thro' the door:

Allegro *energico*

f *fz*

Daughter, daughter, daughter, turn the gas up high - er, for I've

daughter, daughter turn the gas up high - er,

heard I've heard that people say there is an in - crease in the

fz

for I've heard that people say there's an in - crease in the pressure the

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slower *f₂* *pp*

pressure when the gas, when the gas burns low that way. But

f₂

Molto animato

p

George says, George says George says moth - er dear, moth - er

But George says moth - er moth - er moth - er

f₂ slower *pp*

dear, mother dear, George says, moth - er, moth - er dear,

Allegro

f

Came the daughter's voice in haste,

with well marked rhythm

Came the daughter's voice in haste

Came the daughter's voice in haste

Came the daughter's voice in haste

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fz *fz* *slower* *pp*

that an increase of the pressure means a les - sening of the waste.

tranquillo

Andante *Come Primo* *Hum* *Solo Tenor*

con express

It was even - ing in the par - lor

poco a poco rit dim *p — pp*

and the gas was burn - ing, burn - ing low.

HERE'S TO YOU

TENOR I.
TENOR II

Here's to you ✿ — — — Here's to you our jov - ial

Melody
BASS I.
BASS II.

friend! And now we're in your com - pa - ny, We'll drink to you a -

gain, We'll drink to you be fore we part— Here's to you ✿ — — — —

✿ *Insert name of person honored*

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SECRETS

Words by FREDERIC L. KNOWLES, '94 — Music by CLARENCE R. SMITH, '99

Slowly and smoothly ♩ = 92

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody
BASS I.
BASS II.

O Rose, climb up to her window, And in thro' the casement reach, And

say what I may not ut-ter, In your beau-ti-ful si-lent speech! She will

f *p* shake the dew from your pet-als She will press you close to her lips, She will *p*

hold you nev-er so lightly In her warm white fin-ger-tips. And

f *p* then—who can tell?—she may whisper (While the cit-y sleeps be-low,) *pp* I was

f *p* dreaming of him when you woke me, But, rose, he must nev-er know. *ritard* *pp*

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THE MUCH-COLORED MAID

Words and Music by CHAS. G. GOODRICH, '93

Allegretto ♩ = 112

Solo or Voices in unison

1. My Su-sie's a brilliant-hued, much-colored maid; She fa-vors the rainbow, not me, I'm a - fraid! Of vi-o-let, peach, in - di-go, green, red and blue, Blood orange and yell - ow, a plenty has Sue.

2. My Su sie has eyes of green and carmine hair; Her cheeks are clear yellow, like daf - fo-dils fair. Her ears are so pink you sure-ly would think She'd dyed them and fried them in Carter's Pink Ink.

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CHORUS

Ah, Su-sie, my Su-sie, I'm charm-ed with your looks! 'Tis plain that your

fash ion came not from the books. Ce - les-tial, ter- res-tri-al, earth,

wa - ter or air; O Su-sie, dear Su - sie, be mine, jew- el rare!

3. My Susie has eyebrows of wonderful hue,
While one's Harvard crimson, the other's Yale blue.
Her lips cast in graceful mould, sea-green and gold,
My Susie's a beauty, she'll never grow old! Chorus

4. My Susie has one more attraction to show,
It looks as if modeled of putty or dough;
A bright scarlet nose breathing attar of rose,
And everyone knows her, wherever she goes. Chorus

5. Though *maid* of fast colors that never will fade,
Her presence at Wesleyan was never gainsaid.
She mayhap looks fast, but her beauty will last—
Blood orange and *yel*low cannot be surpassed. Chorus

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WHERE, O WHERE

Air, HEBREW CHILDREN

Spirited ♩ = 152

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. Where, O where is ___ ___ ___ ___ Where, O
He went up as a darn good fel - low, He went
Bum bum bye we'll all go to meet 'im, Bum bum

2. Where O where is ___ ___ ___ ___ Where O
He went down on ___ ___ ___ ___ He went
Bum bum bye we'll nev-er go to meet 'im, Bum bum

BASS I.
BASS II.

where is ___ ___ ___ ___ Where O where is
up as a darn good fel - low He went up as a
bye we'll all go to meet 'im, Bum bum bye we'll
where is ___ ___ ___ ___ Where O where is
down on ___ ___ ___ ___ He went down on
bye we'll nev - er go to meet 'im, Bum bum bye we'll

darn good fel - low } Way up in the Prom-ised Land.
all go to meet 'im,

___ ___ ___ ___ } Way down in Plu - to's realm.
nev - er go to meet 'im,

LADY MAY

Words and Music by ALSOP LEFFINGWELL, '80

With spirit and fast ♩ = 126

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

mp *f* *mp*

1. There lived a lad of low de - gree, Loved a la - dy fair; Her
2. Full man - y a wor - thy wo - er came, Smil'd she on them all; For
3. Now all good peo - ple haste to - day," Spake the trumpet's voice; In
4. By one and one grew steed and knight Wearied in the fray; When

mp *f*

BASS I.
BASS II.

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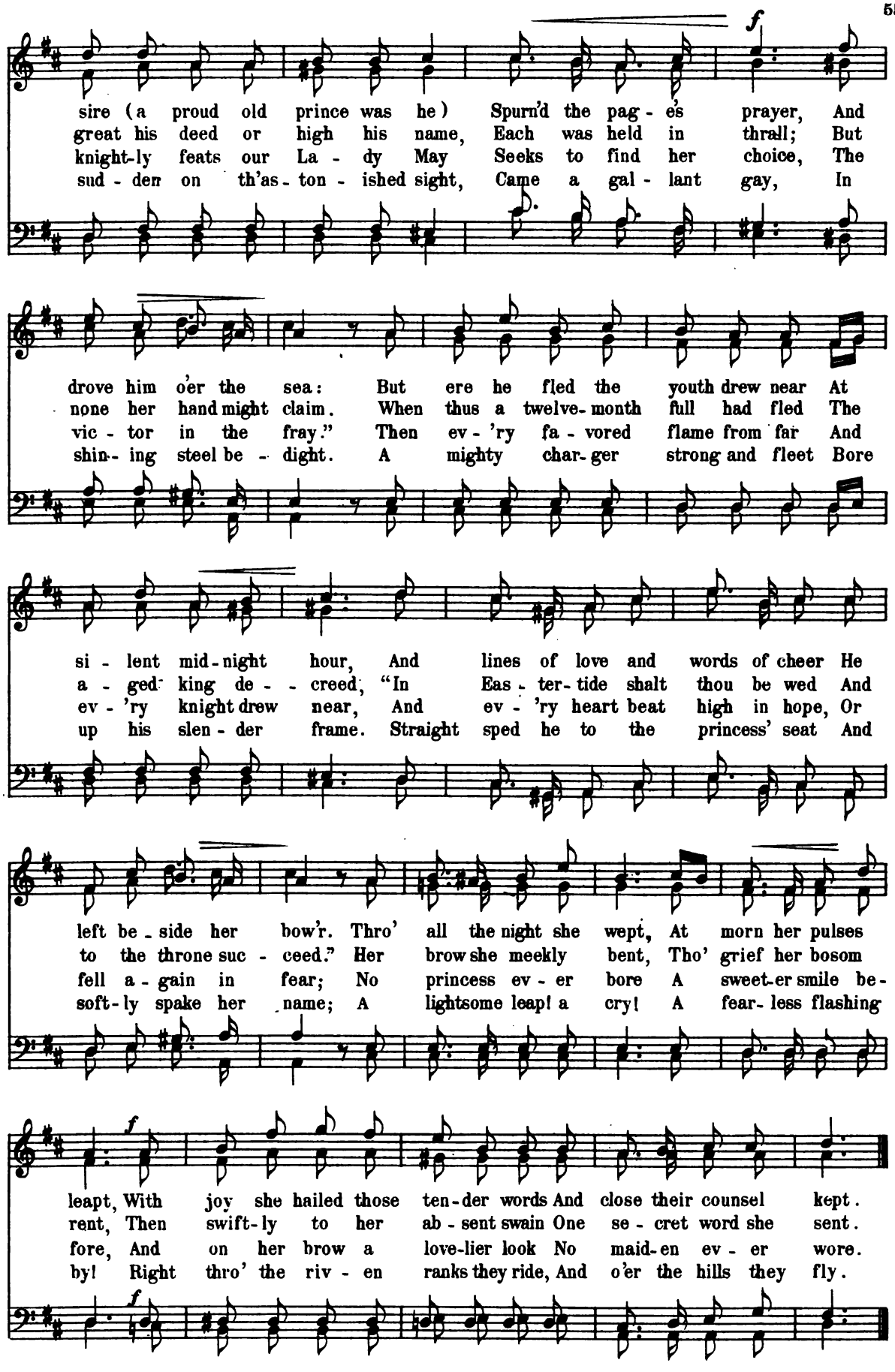

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COLLEGE ROW

Words by W. HARRY CLEMONS, '02 — Music by CARL F. PRICE, '02

Allegretto ♩. = 88

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. College row its long vig-il is keep - ing, Each building a sen - ti - nel
2. Then out from the dim shrines of knowledge, Then out from these nooks, with a
3. We drink at the fount of thy glo - ry, Our lamps we would kindle at

BASS I.
BASS II.

gray ____ Stands guard o'er the cam - pus shades sleep - ing Where
will ____ Sound our lov - ing lay to the col - lege Till it
thine; ____ And we'll still sing the fame of thy sto - ry When we

mem - 'ry haunts each leaf - y way; ____ Ev - 'ry stone has an age - tint - ed
ech - o from In - di - an Hill. ____ Our hearts and our voic - es all
lin - ger no more at thy shrine. ____ When af - ter days swift ly are

f

glo - - ry, Ev - 'ry i - vy and fair spread - ing tree Is
blend - ing With the chord that rings true in each man, We
fleet - ing, When "the world" is a tale that is told, We'll

rit. ard.

ea - ger to whisper its sto - ry Of love, Alma Ma - ter, for thee.
peal out the song nev - er - end - ing Of our fair college home Wesley - an.
still feel our hearts ev - er beat - ing For "kind mother," who never grows old.

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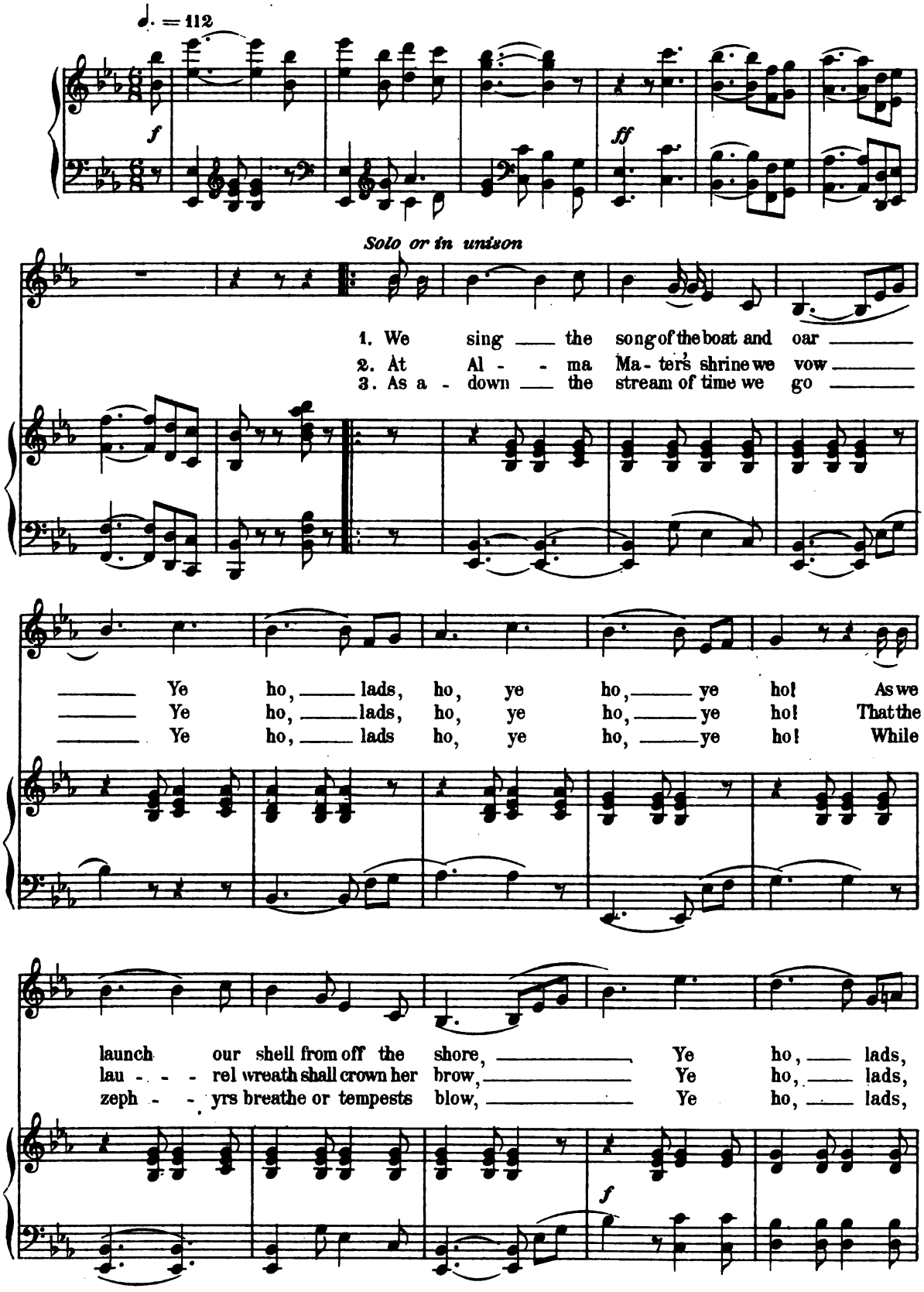
BOATING SONG

ANON

Air, "NANCY LEE"



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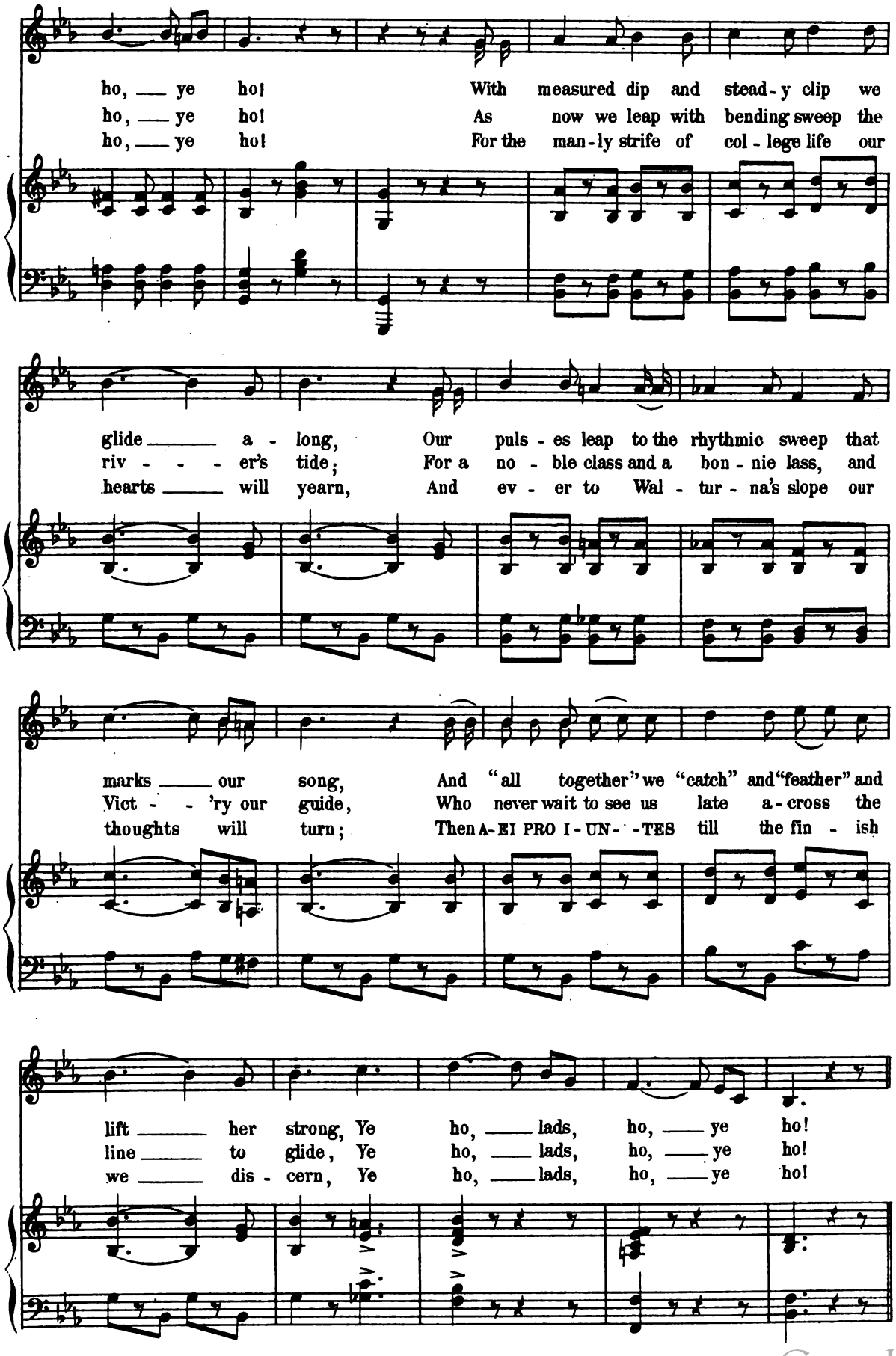

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The flash - - ing blade and gliding shell for me, ye

p

ho, we go, so swift and free; The flash - - ing

f

blade and gliding shell for me! The flashing blade and shell for

1 and 2

me!

f

ff

3.

shell for me!

ff

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HERE'S TO OUR PREXIE

Arranged by C. F. P.

Lively ♩ = 192

UNISON.

O here's to our Prex-ie, our Prex-ie, our Prex-ie, O

ACCOMP.

here's to our Prexie, He's with us to - night! He's with us, God bless him, He's

with us, God bless him! O here's to our Prex-ie, He's with us to night!

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OUR BANNER

Words and Music by W. G. HARRIS, '02

Spirited ♩ = 152

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

1. On high our glo - rious ban - ner floats up - on the wind,
2. Our fa - thers loved the ban - ner with its col - ors fair;

BASS I.
BASS II.

Its folds are fly - ing free to ev - 'ry breeze that blows. It waves for all that's
May we the standard - bear - ers ev - er faithful be. Come, swell the cho - rus,

no - ble, true, and pure and kind, And it waves for Wes - ley - an.
put a - way each sub - tle care, For our loved old Wes - ley - an.

CHORUS *Slow and with dignity*

The grand old colors red and black, Shall be our pride till life we lack; So
The grand old colors red and black, Shall be our pride till life we lack So

Melody

life we lack

forward now let ev - 'ry man Pledge love for Wes - ley - an.
forward now let ev - 'ry man Re - - new his pledge to Wes - ley - an.

ev - - 'ry man

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GREETING GLEE

Composed for and sung by the original WESLEYAN GLEE CLUB on their White Mountain tour, 1862

Words by D. G. HARRIMAN, '64

Lively ♩ = 144

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
BASS I.
BASS II.

1. Wel - come with song and mag - ic glee, From sad - 'ning cares your thoughts to free, To swell the heart with glad - ness now, And drive dark shad - ows from your brow!
2. So on - ward then o'er hill and plains We wend our way with glad - some strains; And from the touch of grief and pain, A - wake the chord of joy a - - gain.

CHORUS

Then high and wild we'll swell the song As on our way we glide a - long; Or soft as wind-harp's mourn-ful sigh, Our notes shall float a - long the sky.

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HAIL, WESLEYANA

Words and Music by W. G. HARRIS, '02

With firmness ♩. = 92

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. To-night we cheer with gladsome lay Our nation's grand old hol-i-day; A-
2. Our col-lege days will soon be o'er, We meet to cel-e-brate once more; A-

BASS I.
BASS II.

ritard *Tempo*

way, a-way, a-way, a-way with ev'ry care and fear! — Let ev'ry son of Wesleyan Pledge
way, a-way, a-way, a-way with ev'ry care and fear! — The natal day of Washington Re-

life and love and all that's dear; A-way, a-way, a-way, a-way, with ev'ry care and fear! —
turning with to-morrow's sun; A-way, a-way, a-way, a-way, with ev'ry care and fear! —

CHORUS

f *più mosso*

Hail! all hail! Wes-ley-an-a, Hail all hail! Hail all
Hail all hail! Wes-ley-an all hail! Hail all

hail! Wes-ley-an-a, Hail all Hail! — Hail, all hail! Wes-ley-an-a,
hail! Wes-ley-an, all hail! — Hail, all hail! Wes-ley-

Hail, all hail! Hail Wes-ley-an, Al-ma Ma-ter dear!
an, all hail! Hail Wes-ley-an, Al-ma Ma-ter dear!

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THE PRETTY LITTLE TOO-RALL-OO-RAL-A

Music by JOHN SPENCER CAMP, '78

Allegro con spirito. ♩.=100

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

1. A cat - - bird sat on a mul - ber - ry spray, And
2. A lov - er lean'd ov - er a high - - backed chair, And
3. In Na - ture and Life it is al - - - ways so. The

BASS I.
BASS II.

told his tale to the night. He had noth-ing to tell, and he
pour'd out his ach - - ing heart To a pensive and lan-guish-ing
breez - es play and the wa - ters flow, And the thing that will win in the

pp

told it so well That the moon she was fill'd with de - - light She
maid - en fair, From whom he could nev - - er part What it
night or the day Is the thing that we nev - er by an - y means say. If your

poco marcato *sempre p*

lis-ten'd all night and she lis - ten'd all day To the mys - tic charm, which I
was that he said from his burn - ing soul, The mai-den could nev - er by
love would be deep and for - ev - - er stay, You must give it its own sweet

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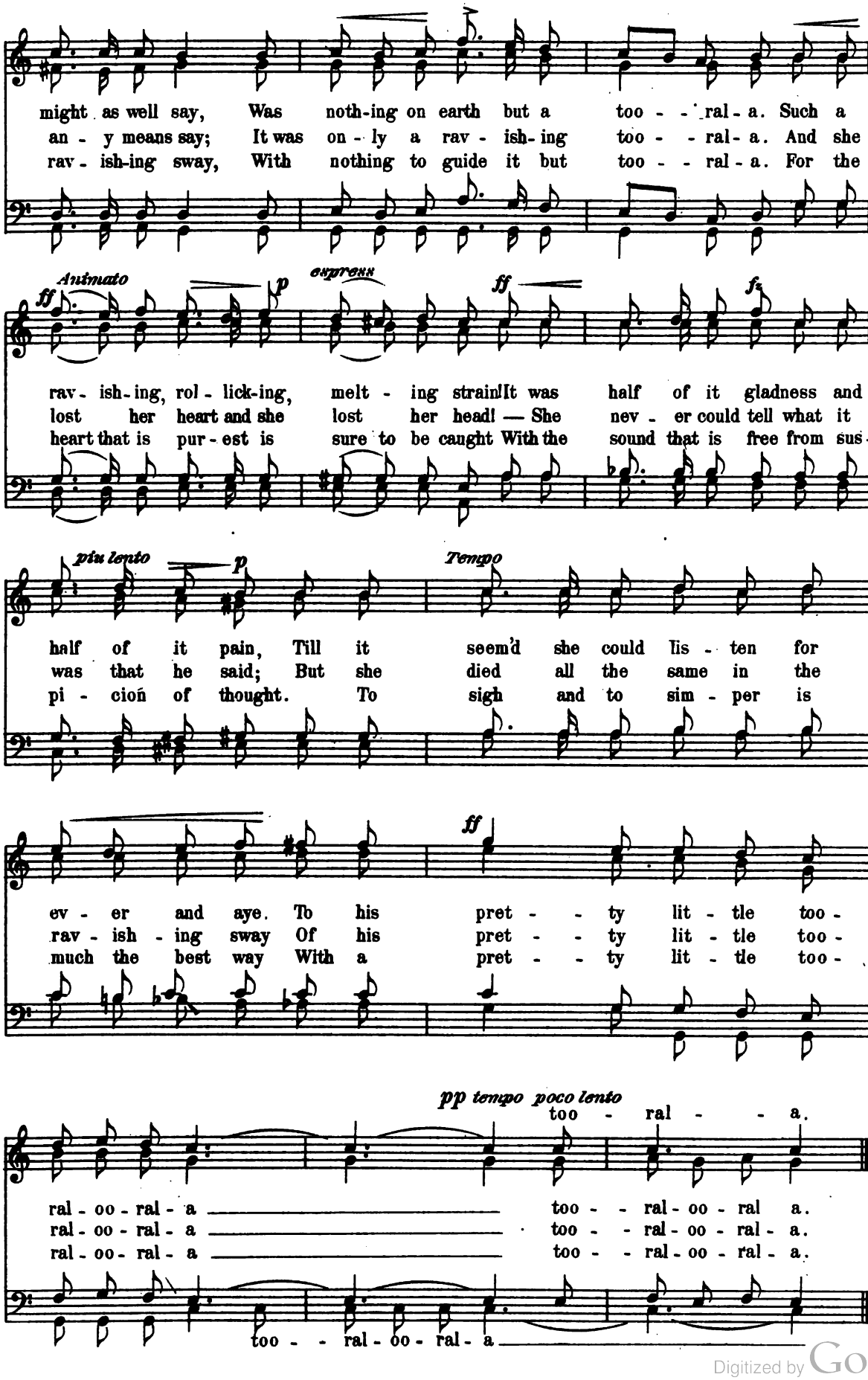

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COME, SONS OF ALMA MATER

Words by OSCAR KUHNS,'85 — Music by KARL P. HARRINGTON,'82

Con spirito ♩ = 108

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. Come, sons of Al - ma Ma - ter, Who tread these halls of fame; Like the sound of man - y wa - ters Now raise the loud ac - claim. And you, whose eyes are turn - ing To by - gone days with yearn - ing, Come, past and pres - ent, ev - 'ry man, And sing the praise of Wes - ley - an, And sing the praise of Wes - ley - - an.
2. When youth with mag - ic fin - gers Had touch'd our hearts to flame, When si - ren - throated singers Had lured us on to fame, 'Twas then in heart's de - - vo - tion We felt the deep e - mo - tion That truth im - parts to ev - 'ry man, Here in the halls of Wes - ley - an, Here in the halls of Wes - ley - - an.
3. When forth in - to the bat - tle Of life, un - tried, we went, When, 'mid the din and rat - tle, Our strength was well - nigh spent, Oh, then with mag - ic pow - er The mem - 'ry of each hour Spent here has strengthen'd ev - 'ry man To work and win for Wes - ley - an, To work and win for Wes - ley - - an.
4. How shall we spread the glo - ry Of Al - ma Ma - ter dear? How tell a - broad the sto - ry To grow from year to year? By nev - er shirking du - ty, By love for truth and beau - ty, By ev - 'ry - thing that makes a man: So shall we hon - or Wes - ley - an, So shall we hon - or Wes - ley - - an.

BASS I.
BASS II.

marcato — *cresc.* — *e* — *accel.* — *ff* — *ritard*

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HIP! HIP! HOORAY

ANON

Melody arranged

With spirit ♩ = 126

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. Then its Hip! Hip! Hoo - ray! We'll drink till dawn of day And
2. Then its Hip! Hip! Hoo - ray! We'll sing till dawn of day, Our

BASS I.
BASS II.

each to the oth-er pledge de - vo - - - - tion: Here's a health to you and
mighty line shall stand and never wa - - - - ver. There goes — — with the

votion pledge de - votion
waver, never waver

me! Long may we hap-py be! For Wesleyan's the gem of all the o - cean.
ball! Now shout it one and all, The red and black and Wes-ley-an for ev - er!

WHOOP 'ER UP

Air, "SON OF A GAMBOLIER"

Fast ♩ = 176

1. Then whoop 'er up for Wesleyan! And whoop 'er up a-gain! There never was a hap-pi-er, A

jollier set of men; Then whoop 'er up for Wesleyan, And whoop 'er up a-gain! Rah, rah, Rah, rah, Wesley-an!

2. Then here's to — —
The man behind the bat!
Here's to — —
Now what do you think of that?
Then whoop, etc.

3. Then here's to good old —
The man who strikes them out!
Here's to good old —
Who knows what he's about!
Then whoop, etc.

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AMICI

WESLEYAN VERSION

♩ = 96

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. Our strong band shall ne'er be broken, Formed in Wes-ley - an,
2. Col - lege days at best are passing, Glid - ing swiftly on;
3. Mem-'ries leaf - lets close shall twine A - round our hearts for aye, And

BASS I.
BASS II.

Far sur- pass - ing wealth un - spok - en, Seal'd by friendship's band.
Let us pledge in word and deed Our love for Wes - ley - an.
waft us back o'er life's broad track To pleasures long gone by.

CHORUS

ritard *Tempo*

Am-i - ci us - que ad a - ras, Deep graven on each heart,

f *ritard*

Shall be found un - - wav - ring, true, When we from life shall part.

OLD ELI'S SONS

Words by EDWIN M. SPENCER, '99 Music by CLARENCE R. SMITH, '99

With vigor ♩ = 168

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

1. Old E - li's sons may proud-ly boast A grand and glorious name; And
2. The gen-tle maid-en's laughing eye Oft lures us from our lore, And

BASS I.
BASS II.

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those who love the Crimson most May pledge to Harvard's fame; But there's to us a
on the field of sport we vie To gain a laurel more; But nev - er can these

sight as dear As these have known or seen, Our brown old row of col - lege halls, Our
witching charms With one sweet sight com - pare, Our brown old row of col - lege halls, Our

CHORUS

Slowly

cam-pus fair and green.
cam-pus fair and green.

Then while our hearts

Then while our hearts beat warm and

beat warm and true Tho' life may part

true Tho' life may part May part our

may part our ways We love the dear

ways We love the dear old col - lege

old col - lege scenes

scenes The good old col - lege days.

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THE RED AND BLACK

Words by W. G. HARRIS, '02 — Music by C.F. PRICE, '02

♩. = 112

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody
BASS I.
BASS II.

1. Let pur-ple pennants' roy-al hue be ev- er fair to see, And
2. And may the elms of Trin-i - ty grow fair - er year by year, Let

may they cheer old Amherst well with songs so glad and free; Our
Dartmouth's old Green Mountain boys raise high a might - y cheer; Our

hearts are with the red and black nor may we care to sev - er The
hearts are with the red and black; so let our strong en - deav- or Raise

rit.

ties that bind our hearts to them and Wes - ley - an for - ev - er!
high the glorious red and black and Wes - ley - an for - ev - er!

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A CHEER AND A SONG

Words and Music by ARTHUR GOODRICH, '99

Martiale ♩ = 160

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

1. Here on the broad old campus green, Where hands strike firm and free, Where young blood beats in stal-wart hearts The tale of the strong-to-be, Let hearts knit near in one last cheer That rings to the hills be-low, Till the sound swings back from the rock's rough track And joins the long a-go.

2. In the warmth of loy-al college years By strength of the days that were We'll proud-ly pledge the dear old name And prove our faith to her. The old grows young while the song is sung And com-rade grows each man In the stur-dy days and the promised praise Of moth-er Wes-ley-an.

3. The cheer and the song of the man-y fail, And pledging hands must part; But thro' the years to all shall reach The faith of each loy-al heart. In the last long days then let us raise Both cheer and part-ing glee, That the brisk and brave that our fath-ers gave For-ev-er-more may be.

Melody
BASS I.
BASS II.

REFRAIN

pp

Then cheer, lads, and cheer, For all the old and dear! Aye cheer, lads, and cheer!
A song, lads, a song, For all the old and strong A song, lads, a song!
Fare-well, lads, fare-well, To all loved long and well! Fare-well, lads, fare-well!

pp

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SUSIE

Arranged by C. F. PRICE, '02

Allegro ♩ = 126

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. I went to see my Su - sie; She met me at the door, She
2. O Su - sie so de - ceiv-ing, You'll nev er do to trust. 'Tis
3. Her mouth was like a cel - lar, Her foot was like a ham, Her

BASS I.
BASS II.

told me that I need not come To see her an - y more. She
sad in - deed to leave you, But leave you now I must. I'll
eyes were like the stars of night, Her voice was nev - er calm; Her

fell in love with an - oth - er Named An - drew Jack - son Paine.
nev - er love an - - oth - er, To cause you an - y pain,
hair was long and cur - ly, She looked just like a crane.

CHORUS

much slower

So here's farewell to all true love! And farewell Wesley - an - - a, Alma Mater fare thee

well, We now must leave thee, leave the home we love so well.

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IT WAS MOONLIGHT

A PASTEL

Music by C. F. PRICE, '02

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
BASS I.
BASS II.

♩ = 96

p It was moonlight We swung our feet, I squeezed her hand—It was *p*

It was moon-light *cresc.* moon - - light, We swung our feet. I clasp'd her waist, Her sylph-like

più mosso *mf* waist— It was moon - - - light. Pa-pa came out, Pa-pa came

f *lento* out. He swung his feet.—I write this on the man-tel.

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FORWARD, EVERY MAN

Words by T. S. CLINE,

Air, "THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN"

We praise the gallant Spartans, who with King Leonidas
Defied the haughty Persians to advance;
They numbered but three hundred, yet they held Mount Œtna's pass
Until the fatal path was found by chance.
We praise the gallant Thespians of dread Thermopylae,
Who staid and died like heroes in the fray;
What though the Spartans were about to fall by treachery.
'Twas no time then for allies to betray.

Chorus. Then forward every man for Wesleyan!
To victory again for Wesleyan!
Our numbers may be few,
But all our hearts are true,
And beat as one for Wesleyan.

So loyal sons of Wesleyan, go forward to the fray
In numbers less than Sparta's noble band;
The strife may be uneven but we're bound to win the day,
Because, like Spartans, joined in heart and hand.
But if unhappy fortune shall portend our sure defeat,
Like Thespians we'll stand behind the team;
We're one in our allegiance, and united we will meet
All foes who threaten Weslevan's glorious name. *Chorus.*

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MEDLEY
No. 2

Arranged by W. B. DAVIS, '94

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
BASS I.
BASS II.

Here at the pleasant twilight hour, When dai-ly tasks are o'er, We gather on the

Chap-el steps and sing our songs once more. The braid-ed branches of the elms, In

mp la la la la la la la la la la

sil - ence bend to hear Dai - - sy, Dai - - sy, give me your

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

answer true. I'm half cra - - zy all for the love of

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Mamie, come kiss your honey boy While the stars are shining, Mamie, Mamie,

Vigoroso

Ma- mie, come kiss your Daniel, Daniel, Daniel in the li - li - li - li -

Daniel, Daniel,

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Daniel Daniel Daniel in the li - li - li - li Daniel Daniel

Daniel Daniel Daniel Daniel

Dan - iel in the Hole in the bottom of the sea, There's a hole in the bottom of the

Slower

sea, There's a hole in the bottom of the Old oak - en buck - et, the

ir - on-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hung in the

Faster

Church in the valley by the wild - wood, O there's where my love used to be. She can

Slower

la la la la la la la la

dance she can sing, she can turn a hand spring Over the banister leans a face

la la la la

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la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Tenderly sweet and be- guil - - ing, While be-low her with ten- der grace He watches the

la la la la la la la la la

Allegro

For-ty-nine blue bottles a - hanging on the wall, For - ty - nine blue bottles a -

f *Meno mosso*

hanging on the wall; Take one blue bottle down from off the old gray wall, And there's

music in the air When the band plays An-nie Laurie, I'll lay me down and

Vivace *ritard*

Roll a-long, roll a-long, mer-ri-ly we Roll a-way, roll o'er the water so

Humming

blue Like a feather we'll float Way, down up-on de Suwa-nee River,

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Far, far a - way, Dar's where my heart is turning ever, Dar's where de

Flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra la, have nothing to do with the Last rose of

summer left bloom - ing a - lone. Ha, ha, ha, said Johnny's mother, Ho, ho,

f

ho, said Mrs. Brown. 'Twas a chill - y day for Johnny when the

mer - cu - ry went down. O the bull dog on the bank

And the bull frog in the

Pharaoh's daughter on the bank Down by the river side

pool, Little Mo - ses

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Down by the riv - er side. He sigh'd and she sigh'd And then they sigh'd side by side,

My com - rades, when I'm no more drinking, But sick with gout or palsy

ritard

lie, Ex - haust - ed on my sick-bed sink - ing, Be - lieve me then

Allegro

Thro' all my days I'll sing the praise Of brown Oc - to - ber

solo

How

How

Dry I am, How dry I am! No-bod-y knows how dry I am.

ale.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

For I'm call'd little Buttercup, sweet little Buttercup, Tho' I could never tell why.

la la la la la la la la

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My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf; so it stood nine-ty years on

The Bow'ry, the Bow'ry! They do such things and they say such things On the

Bow'ry, the Bow'ry, I'll never go there any more. But we won't go home until

morning, We won't go home until morning, We won't go home un-til morning,

Till ye push them clouds a-way. Just push, then shove, And push them clouds a-

way, Keep a pushin' and a shovin' and a pushin' and a shovin' Till ye push them clouds

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A - way from dat window, my love and my dove, Get a - - way from dat window, don't ye

hear me callin'? Rise up, you la-zy coon, get a - way from me! Rise up, you la-zy coon, I

hate to see, Rise up, you lazy coon, get a - way from me! Rise up ear- ly in the

morn-ing, In the morning by the bright light, When Gabriel blows his

ta ra ra boom te aye ta ra ra boom te aye ta ra ra boom te aye

Boom boom boom

1. 2. *cresc* *e* *accel*

ta ra ra boom te aye ta ra ra ra Wesley-an-a ta ra ra ra rah!

boom

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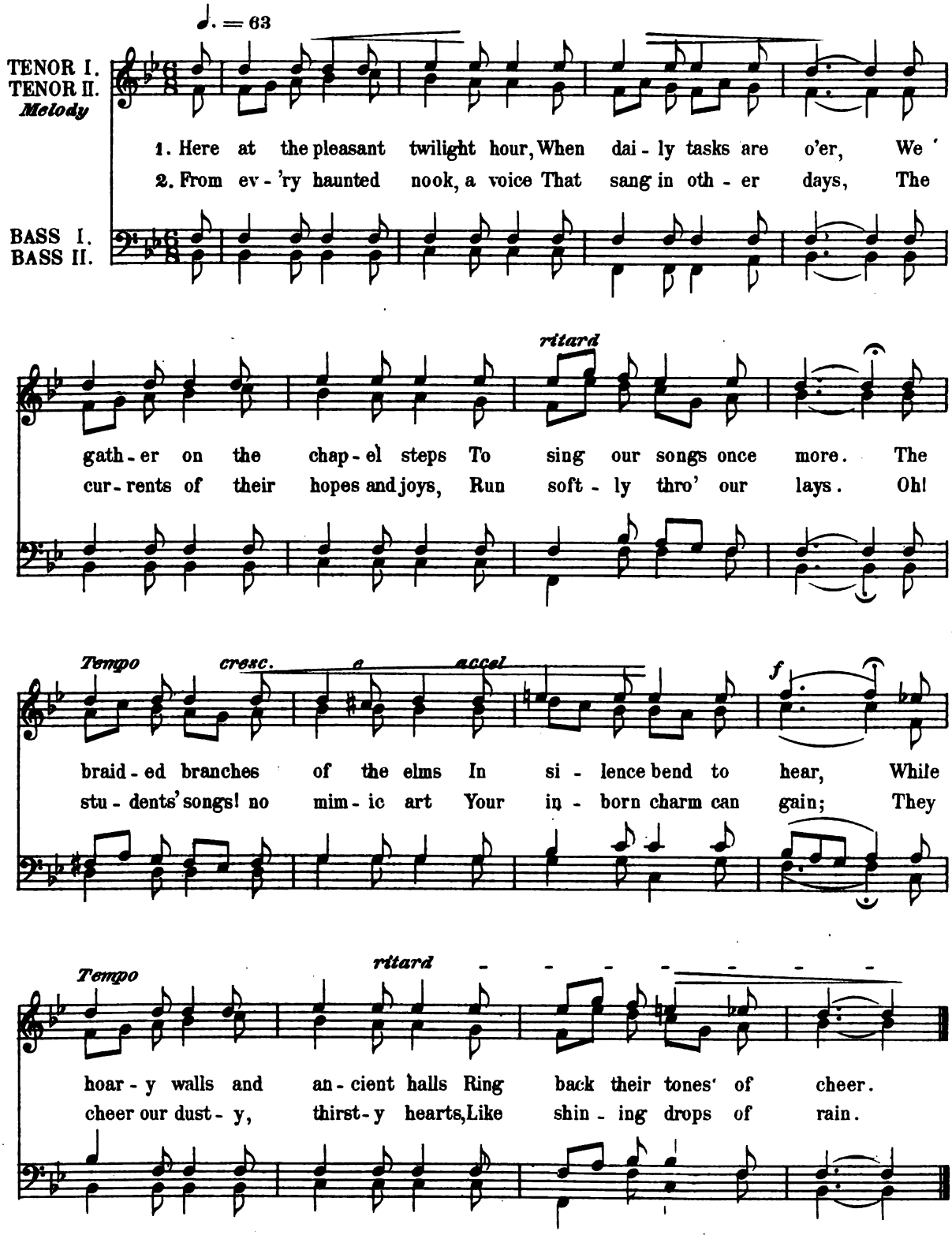
CHAPEL STEPS

WESLEYAN VERSION



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SONG MEMORIES

Words by F. M. NORTH, '72 — Music by KARL P. HARRINGTON, '82

Larghetto ♩ = 66 *With strongly marked accent*

mp

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. On vine-clad walls the sunlight falls And spreads right roy- al - - ly With
2. From chapel tow'r the midnight hour Has struck, and all is still, Save
3. Then sing the praise of college days, Let cheer on cheer ring free For

BASS I.
BASS II.

cloth of gold a hill-side old For high born com - pa - - ny. A
where the song of mer- ry throng Breaks o'er the moon-lit hill. The
spring-ing life and ea - ger strife And buoy- ant lib - er - - ty! This

va - grant breeze with minstrel heart A - - wakes from si - lence long. And
si - lence rests on scholar's quests, On lov- er's mem-'ries deep; Yields
old hill - side shall be our pride, These paths of light we'll roam, These

f

strikes from June's sweet harp the chord Of na- ture's word- less song.
now the ea - ger day to night For thought and dreams and sleep.
friends shall be our friends for aye; Cheer, cheer our col - lege home!

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CHORUS

affetuoso

mf

O morning land of col-lege days! O hill of gold-en light! No

oth-er skies are soft as thine, No oth-er lands so bright.

CAMPUS RALLY

ANON

♩. = 80 *Marcato*

1. There is an an-cient fac-ul-ty Most an-cient in re--nown That
2. The town is full of tal--ent And la-ger-beer sa-loons; The
3. We spend our lei-sure mo--ments Be-side ye an-cient girls All

rules an an-cient col--lege With-in an an-cient town; Those
boys, they sometimes get hard up And pawn their pan-ta--loons; And
powdered up and mod-ern-ized, By chignons rouge and curls. They

ritard *più mosso*

an-cient fo-gies run things On a sen-ti-men-tal plan; For they
then a long-tailed ul---ster Is worn by each poor man; For they
al-ways smash our hearts ——— Be-lieve it if you can — These

ritard

have co-ed-u-ca-tion at Old Wes-ley--an.
dare not take a chap-el cut At Wes-ley--an.
same girls smashed our fath-ers' hearts At Wes-ley--an.

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STARVATION

Arranged from "SONGS OF WILLIAMS"

Fast ♩ = 144

UNISON.

1. Star - - va-tion swore a feud a - gainst the Clan Mc Tavish, And he
2. Star - - va-tion had a son who married No-ah's daughter, And he
3. As soon as he had got just half way down to Canaan Of
4. O I am ver-y glad to hear of what you mention, For I
5. Now in this ver-y way died the brave Starvation, Who was

ACCOM.

went in-to their land to plunder and to rav-ish; For he had resolved to ex-
almost spoil'd the flood by drinking all the wa-ter; Which he would have done, I
all his fighting tail there was on-ly three remaining; Three was all he had to
think that I can spoil an-y such in-ten-tion; Then Mic-Mac-Me-thus'-la let
always tho't to be a leader in the na-tion. This is all my sto-ry

ter-mi-nate the vipers With three-and-twenty men and four-and-twenty pipers. Oh,
really do believe it, If all the mixtured had some whiskey to relieve it. Oh,
aid him in the battle. All the rest had gone home to feed the cattle. Oh,
off some awful howls, And drew his pickes-que and plugg'd him in the bowels. Oh,
which I hope is new. The ver y best of health I'm wishing, sir, to you! Oh,

walken, auken, au, walken auken au, walken auken au, ya-ya.

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HERE'S A HEALTH TO WESLEYANA

Words by F. L. KNOWLES, '94 — Music by W. B. DAVIS, '94

Vigoroso ♩ = 120

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

1. Here's a health to Wes - ley - an - a, All vic - to - ri - ous! To the
2. Here's a song for Wes - ley - an - a! Raise the cho - - rus! To the
3. Here's a pledge to Wes - ley - an - a! Al - ma Ma - - ter! Nev - er

Melody
BASS I.
BASS II.

red and black—her ban - ner Col - ors glo - - - ri - ous! Ev - 'ry
red and black—her ban - ner Floating o'er us! Come strike
shall her sa - cred ban - ner Shield a trai - - - tor! For her

man be by his post, now, Wes - ley - an's our on - ly boast, now, Who will
hands both old and young, now, Ev - 'ry heart must find a tongue, now, As the
hon - or we would fight, boys! Guard her fame, pro - tect her right, boys! Shouting

join us in our toast, now? Wes - ley - - an - - a!
might - y song is sung, now, Wes - ley - - an - - a!
in the world's des - pite, boys: "Wes - ley - - an - - a!"

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CANNON SONG

Words adapted by W. HARRY CLEMONS, '02 — Air, "AULD LANG SYNE"

♩ = 108

UNISON.

1. Since the good old days of the years gone by, Ere the twenty second's morn, The thunders of the Douglas gun Have jarr'd the shades for - lorn; 'Tis the day of days for the Freshmen then, The night the Freshmen prize, When their pat - ron saint, G. Wash - ing - ton, They strive to can - (n)on - ize.
2. To the mild and gen - tle Soph, poor youth, 'Tis a time of anxious toil; His is the sad un - welcome task The Freshman's plans to foil. Our George's craft could scarce compare With his sleepless guard and guile, He dwells in cor - ners with the mice And bears a rat - tailed file.
3. And when it's o'er, each Fresh recounts How he raisd *cane* for sure, Nor could this daunt the Soph'more brave, Not ev - en Doc's old cure. So let the can-non thun - der out, If so it thun - der can; And cheer for Doc and Soph and Fresh, And George and Wes - ley - - an!

ACCOMP.

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REFRAIN

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

'Tis the day of days for the Freshmen then The night the Freshmen prize, When their
Our George's craft could scarce compare With his sleepless guard and guile; He
So let the cannon thunder out, If so it thunder can; And

BASS I.
BASS II.

ACCOMP.

pat - ron saint G. Wash - ing - ton They strive to can - (n)on - ize.
dwells in cor' - ners with the mice And bears a rat - tailed file.
cheer for Doc and Soph and Fresh And George and Wes - ley - - an!

TWO HANDS

ANON

Air, "AULD LANG SYNE"

1. Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat,
Methought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my soul
Could greater solace bring
Than that I held last night, which was
Four aces and a king.

2. Erelong a daintier hand I held;
Its memory lingers still,
And yet it did not bring to me
That ne'er forgotten thrill.
'Tis hoped that none of you will e'er
With that small hand "come in;"
For sure as fate your bluff won't go,
Your deuces will not win.

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THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT

Music by GEORGE INGRAHAM, '71

♩ = 100

3d time omit to 3d verse

1. The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat; They took some honey and plenty of money, Wrapp'd up in a 5-pound note. The Owl looked up to the stars a - bove, And sang to a small gui-
2. Pussy said to the Owl: You elegant fowl, How charmingly sweet you sing! O let us be married, too long we have tarried; But what shall we do for a ring? They sailed a - way for a year and a day, To the land where the bong tree

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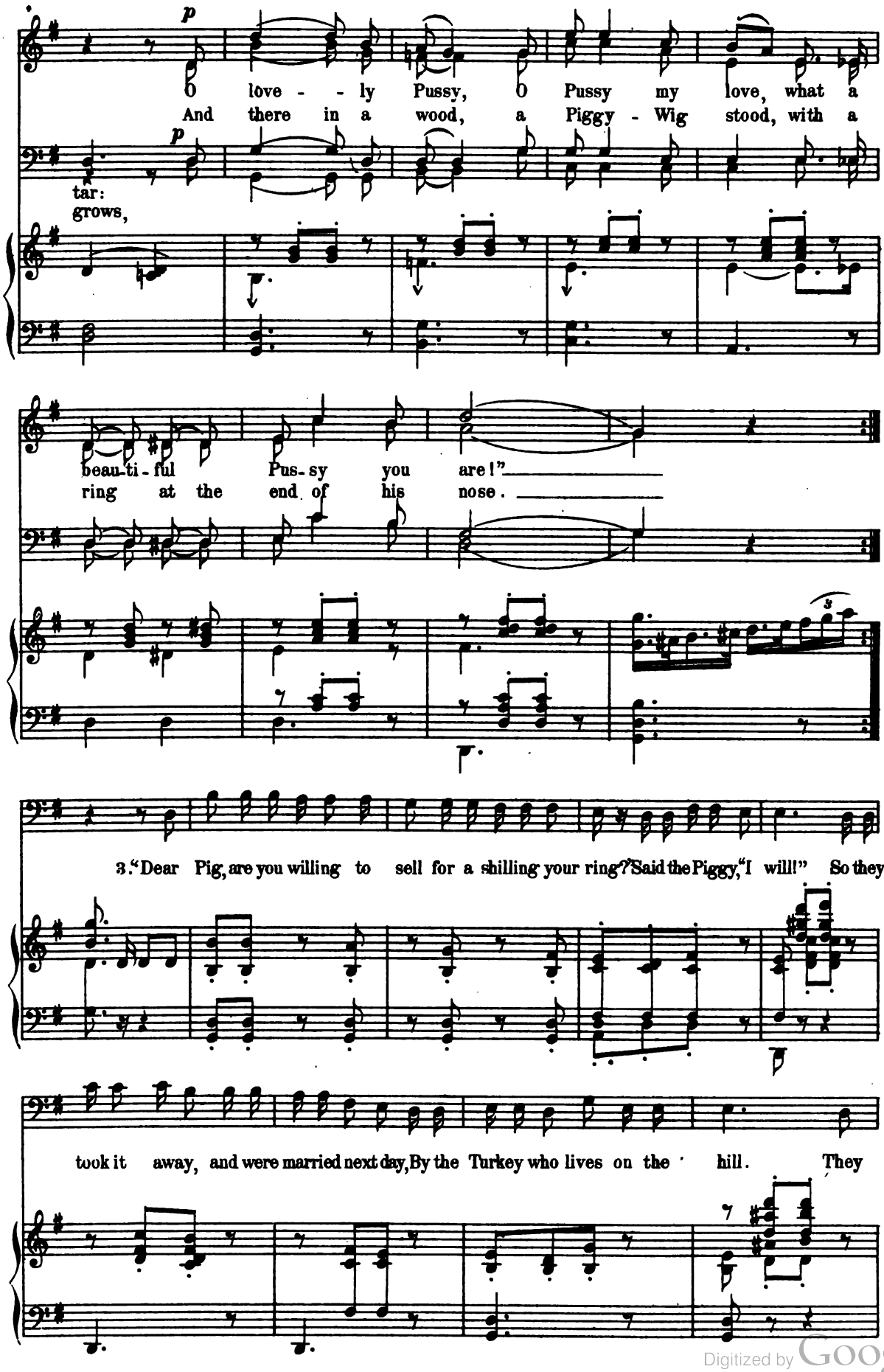

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din-ed on mince and slic es of quince, Which they ate with a run ci ble spoon;

f

And hand in hand on the edge of the sand, They

danced by the light of the moon.

repeat pp

repeat pp

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DIE LORELEI

Words by HEINE

Music by FRIEDRICH SILCHER

Con amore ♩. = 76

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. Ich weiss nicht was soll es be - deu - ten, Dass ich so trau - rig bin; Ein
2. Die schön - ste Jung - frau sitz - et Dort o - ben wun - der - bar; Ihr
3. Den Schiffer im klein - en Schif - fe Er - greift es mit wil - dem Weh; Er

BASS I.
BASS II.

Märchen aus al - - ten Zei - ten, Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn. Die
goldnes Ge - schmei - de blitz - et, Sie kämmt ihr gol - den - es Haar. Sie
sieht nicht die Fel - sen - ris - se, Er schaut nur hin auf in die Höh'. Ich

f

Luft ist kühl, und es dun - kelt, Und ruh - ig flieszt der Rhein; Der
kämmt es mit gold - en - em Kam - me, Und singt ein Lied da - - bei; Das
glaube, die Wellen ver - schlingen Am En - de Schiffer und Kahn; Und

Gipfel des Berg - es fun - kelt Im A - bend - son - nen - schein.
hat ei - ne wur - der - sa - me, Ge - wal - ti - ge Mel - o - dei.
das hat mit Ihr - em Sin - gen Die Lo - - re - lei ge - than.

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GATHER, DEAR BROTHER

Words by F. L. KNOWLES, '94 — Music by M. B. YAW, '97

Allegro *with spirit* ♩ = 120

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

1. Gath - er, dear broth - er, be - - neath the old ban - ner,
2. Shall we not give thee our youth's best en - deav - or?

Melody
BASS I.
BASS II.

Raise the old song till it rings to the sky; Hail to thee! Hail to thee!
Shall we not of - fer our hearts at thy shrine? Car - di - nal and black be our

Loved Wes-ley - an - a! Lift loy - al voi - ces in cho - rus on high.
col - ors for - ev - er, Fair Wes-ley - an - a, our God - dess di - vine!

CHORUS

Thy sons never fail thee, Tho' foes may assail thee; We ral - ly around thee, we pledge, ev'ry man; We

f *ritard*

shout till the stars echo back our de-vo-tion, O hail to thee, hail to thee, loved Wes-lev-an!

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THE FAIRY

Moderato ♩ = 100

Music by C. F. PRICE, '02

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
BASS I.
BASS II.

p *f*

I saw her first one win - try day; With my two hands my chest I smote. "Would

rit. *Tempo*

you were mine," I loud did say; In fren - zy fine I clutch'd my throat. To

win her I did not know how. Keen was the wind; she wore no coat — I

slower

nev - er can for - - get her now — She was a Jer - sey fer - ry boat!

LET THE MERRY CHORUS SOUND!

Words by W. GRAY HARRIS, '02

Music, "NATIONAL MARCH"
from the opera, "THE SINGING GIRL," by Victor Herbert

Shout! let the merry chorus sound!
Shout! let the merry world resound!
Loud let us sing it, loud let us ring it,
For our Alma Mater dear!
Forward, then, let Wesleyan's glory never fade;
And may her loyal sons the victors e'er be made.
Onward, then, Sorrow hasten in her flight,
Let our hearts beat high for Wesleyan in her might.
The breezes blow around us,
Teeming June again surrounds us
With moods of joy and sadness,
In our honored college home.
The breezes blow around us,
Teeming June again surrounds us,
Our hearts beat high with gladness,
These gay and festive days.
Then higher, higher, we'll fling our banner,
Unfurled to the Northern clime;
Let the wild winds climb over rock and pine,
To their shrine in the golden sky.

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DEDICATION HYMN

Words by CALEB T. WINCHESTER,'69 — Air, "MENDON"

♩ = 92

SOPRANO
ALTO

1. The Lord our God a - lone is strong: His hands build not for one brief day.
2. His mountains lift their solemn forms, To watch in silence o'er the land;
3. Beyond the heav'ns He sits a - lone, The u - ni - verse o - beys his nod;

TENOR
BASS

His wondrous works thro' ag - es long, His wisdom and His power dis - play.
The rolling ocean, rock'd with storms, Sleeps in the hol - low of His hand.
The lightning-rifts dis - close His throne, And thunders voice the name of God.

4. Thou Sovereign God, receive this gift
Thy willing servants offer Thee;
Accept the prayers that thousands lift,
And let these halls thy temple be.

5. And let those learn, who here shall meet,
True wisdom is with reverence crowned,
And Science walks with humble feet
To seek the God that faith hath found.

HYMN

Words by C. S. HARRINGTON,'52 — Air, "AMERICA"

Sung at the laying of the Corner Stone of JUDD HALL

♩ = 80

SOPRANO.
ALTO.

1. Of old, in classic land, Mars rear'd his temples grand And gory shrine; In gleaming
2. But on our classic sod We worship nature's God In arts of peace. Not here the

TENOR.
BASS.

arms arrayed, With spear and bloody blade, His priests, their homage paid In rites di - vine.
swords and shields Won on dread bat - tle-fields; Mars to Min - er - va yields, And wars shall cease.

3. Not on the conqueror's brow
Shall rest the chaplet now
That speaks of fame;
But, who with princely hand,
Rears in a Christian land
A temple that shall stand
In Science's name.

4. Hush, mourn the good and true;
'Tis monumental too,
This stone we lay;
Tribute to precious dust
Committed to earth's trust;
A soul among the just
In endless day.

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PARTING SONG

Allegretto ♩ = 112 Air: MEET ME AT THE RUNNING BROOK

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. Like the slow - ly setting sun Sinking in the golden West, Telling
2. Happy, hap - py years we've known, Gathered in these dear old walls. But these
3. In the ac - tive world of strife Onward, up - ward lies our course. Till the

BASS I.
BASS II.

più mosso

that the day is done, To the toil - er bring-ing rest; So o'er
joy - ous days have flown, We must go where du - ty calls; Yet tho'
night of well-spent life Ushers in the per - fect day. Then press

us the night is stealing In its man - tle all con - cealing, In its
oth - er ties may perish, We will ev - er love and cherish, We will
on with hearts un - daunted Thro' the dark and phantom - haunted, Thro' the

ritard

man - tle all con - ceal - ing, And the dark - ning shadows fall.
ev - er love and cher - ish Al - ma Ma - ter Wes - ley - an.
dark and phantom - haunt - ed Mys-ter - ies of fu - ture years.

CHORUS *Tempo primo*

Fare thee well, dear Wes-ley - an, Fare thee well, old college home; We must

ritard

leave thy sa - cred shrine, Far a - way from thee to roam.

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WESLEYAN'S DRINKING SONG

ANON

Music by M. B. YAW, '97

Con moto ♩. = 76

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
BASS I.
BASS II.

1. Ho - ra - tius Flac-cus he boast - ed of Bacchus, In
2. Hur - rah for the lus - ter of grapes as they clus - ter So

strains that are counted di - vine; He sang of his Mas-sic in odes that were classic When he
pur-ple and rich on the vine! Hur-rah for the ol-den rich liquor so golden—And

sat with Mae-ce - nas to dine. Those fel - lows had fun — don't you
Friendship—the name of the wine! More sweet than the lips of the

doubt it Where the vine-vards of It - al - y shine; But
mai - dens Who gath - er the wealth of the Rhine, For the

we've got a toast that is bet - ter—Come pledge me in Wes-ley-an wine!
passion of Youth's in the gob - let—Come pledge me in Wes-ley-an wine!

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THESE FOUR YEARS TOGETHER

Words by J A COLE, '87 — Music by KARL P. HARRINGTON, '82

Con moto ♩ = 112

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. These four years to-geth-er, In storm or fair weather, We've
2. How oft-en en-trancing, Sweet im-a-ges, glancing Up-
3. And when next we gath-er To greet one an-oth-er, We'll

BASS I.
BASS II.

walk'd and talk'd up-on the campus green; And friendship here plighted By
on our mem'ries in some distant hour, Will come all un-bidden, Some
drain a cup to those who far re-main; And if some have perished, Their

firm hearts u-ni-ted Will ev-er bind, tho' o-ceans roll be-tween.
green path-way hidden Where walking we have strengthen'd friendship's pow'r.
mem-o-ries cherished Shall prove not Death can shatter friendship's chain.

CHORUS *più mosso*

f

Hail! then, Hail! all hail! Friends of our joy-ous col-lege days; Tho'

ritard

sundered for-ev-er, old time can-not sever The hallow'd friendship of our college days.

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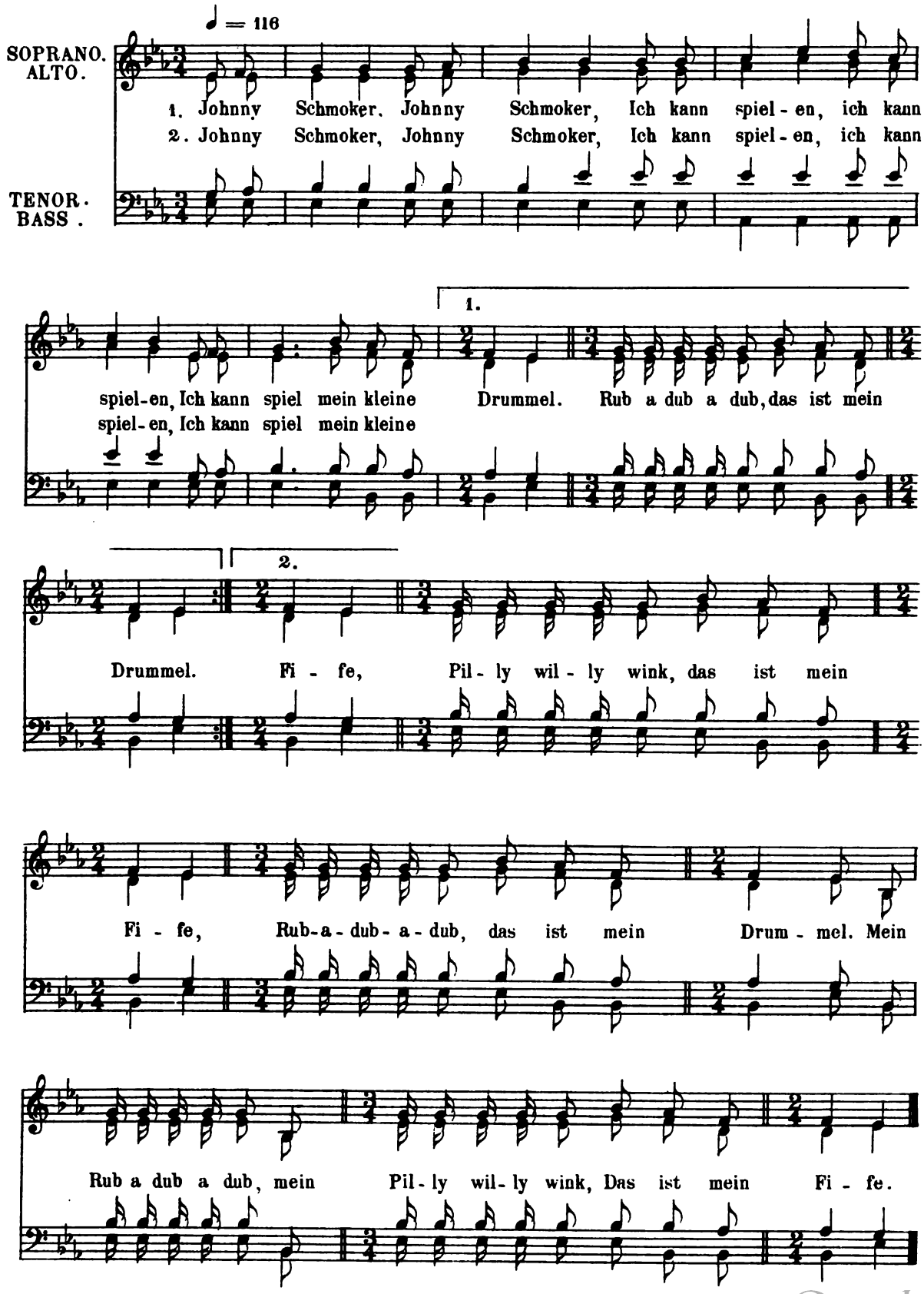
JOHNNY SCHMOKER

WESLEYAN VERSION



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3. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein klein Triangle.
Tick knock knock, das ist Triangle.
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tick knock knock, das ist Triangle.

4. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Trombone
Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone.
Tick knock knock, das ist Triangle.
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tick knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Das ist mein Trombone.

5. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Cymbal.
Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,
Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tick knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tick knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal.

6. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Toodle-sack.
Whack whack whack, das ist mein Toodle-sack,
Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,
Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tick knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel,
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tick knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom, mein whack whack whack,
Das ist mein Toodle-sack.

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OLD N.C.

Music by CLARENCE R. SMITH, '99

Moderato ♩ = 88

SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.

Fac - ing on the cam - pus green Stands N. C., old N. C.,

Shad - ed 'neath the leaf - y sheen, dark N. C., cold N. C.,

Scene of many a roy - al tussle, Weary brain, and tir - ed muscle—May the

day soon come when there's na - ry a bus - tle in old N. C., cold N. C.

CHORUS

Then its Wes - ley - an - a, Wes - ley - an - a, raise it to the sky! ___ And

may co - ed - u - ca - tion Be the first thing here to die!

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TOM-BIG-BEE RIVER

Words by S. S. STEELE

Arr. by C. F. P.

♪ = 112

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. On Tom-big-bee riv-er So bright I was born, In a hut made ob husks ob de tall yal-ler corn, And dar I first met wid my Ju-la so true, And I rowed her a-bout In my Gum-Tree Ca-noe.
2. All de day in de fields de soft cot-ton I hoe, I tink of ma Ju-la and sing as I go; Oh I catch her a bird wid a wing ob true blue, An' at night sail her round in my Gum-Tree Ca-noe.
3. Wid my hands on de ban-jo and toe on de oar, I sing to de sound ob de riv-er's soft roar; While the stars dey look down at my Ju-la so true, An' dance in her eye in my Gum-Tree Ca-noe.
4. One night de stream bore us jis so far a-way Dat we couldn't come back, so we thought we'd jis' stay; Oh we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue, An' it took us in tow wid my Gum-Tree Ca-noe.

BASS I.
BASS II.

CHORUS

Sing-ing, row a-way, row, O'er de wa-ters so blue; Like a feath-er we'll float In my Gum-Tree Ca-noe.

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HERE'S A HEALTH TO WESLEYAN!

Words by EDWARD M. SPENCER, '99 — Music by CLARENCE R. SMITH, '99

Alla Marcia ♩ = 126

UNISON

PIANO

1. Here's a health to Wes - ley-an! For our col - lege old and dear! Give her three loud, long huzzas, And ring them out boys strong and clear.
While our hearts beat warm and true Deepest love she ne'er shall lack; And we'll pledge with glad acclaim Our glorious colors red and black.

2. Here's a health to Wes - ley - an, May her fame be e - - ver fair! May her man - y stal - wart sons Still strive for her to do and dare.
Pledge our Al - ma Ma - ter, boys, For our love she shall not lack; Fill your glasses to the brim, And pledge our col - ors red and black.

ritard

CHORUS *Firmly*

f

Here's a health to Wes - ley - - an! Fill your glass now ev - 'ry

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man; Let the cheers come roll - ing back For the

glo - ri - ous old red and black. black.

TARPAULIN JACKET

♩ = 132

TENOR I.
TENOR II.
Melody

1. Wrap me up in my Tarpaulin Jack-et — And say a poor duffer lies low; — Bid
2. And then get six jol-ly fore - top - men, And let them a-rollicking go; — And
3. And then bring me two big white holly stones, And place them at head and at toe; — En-

BASS I.
BASS II.

six jolly seamen to carry me — With steps mournful, measured, and slow.
drink down a six gallon mea - sure — To the health of the duffer be - low.
grave on them this su - per - scrip-tion — Here lies a poor duffer be low.

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FAREWELL SONG

Words by CALEB T. WINCHESTER, '69

Music arranged from "MARTHA" by C. F. P.

Andante ♩=88

TENOR I.
TENOR II.

1. Like a dream that passeth fleet-ly, Like the fad-ing sun-set light,
2. We shall miss the well-known fa-ces, Kind-ly words and hearty song,
3. Dim be-fore each waiting brother Spreads a fu-ture all un-known,
4. Then, boys, ere the bonds be broken, Ere we sing the farewell song,

Melody
BASS I.
BASS II.

Like glad mu-sic dy-ing sweet-ly Seems our col-lege life to-night.
As we leave the dear old plac-es That we've known and loved so long.
And each one must leave the oth-er, Each one go his way a-lone.
Ere the parting words be spok-en, Let us pledge our friendship strong.

cresc

Years of care-less, youth-ful glad-ness, Hope-ful years too bright to last,
As the eve-ning shadows lengthen, And the part-ing hour draws near,
For-ward look we each with won-der Where that fu-ture gate-way opes;
It must shortly be de-nied us E'er to meet as we have done;

f

Years undimmed by aught of sad-ness, Fled too soon, are now all past.
How the bonds of friendship strengthen, And our brothers seem more dear!
But our backward looks are fond-er, And our mem'ries drown our hopes.
But what-e'er in life be-tide us, May God bless us ev-'ry one.

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